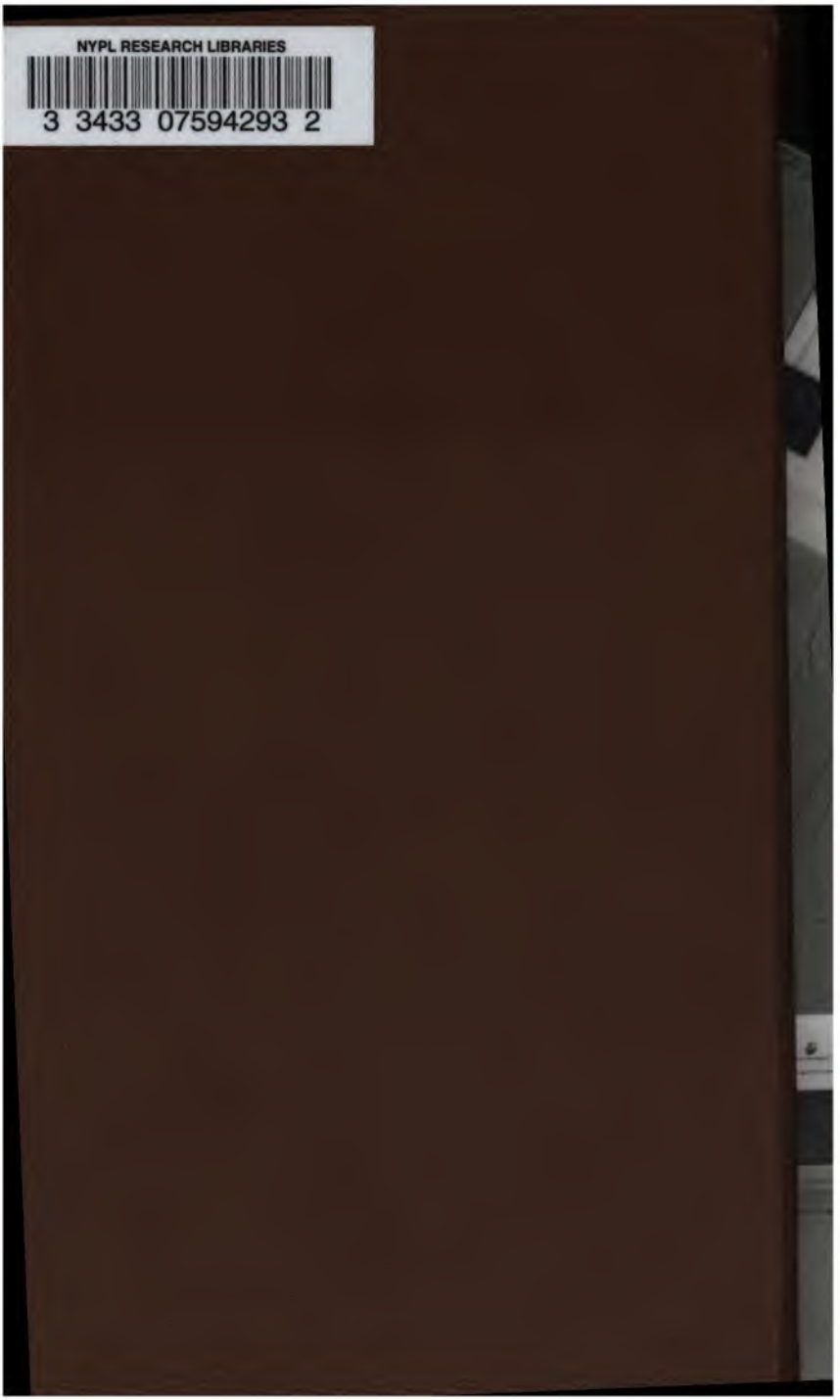

The Riches that bring no Sorrow.

CURIOUS PASSAGES

FROM

THE LIVES

OF

MISERS AND PHILANTHROPISTS;

OR,

Riches that bring no Sorrow.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF KENT," ETC.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pages were originally published in London, a few months ago, under the title of "RICHES THAT BRING NO SORROW" —a title so little suggestive of their real character, that the one adopted on the preceding leaf has been substituted in this edition. It would perhaps be impossible to find in recent literature a work illustrative of practical virtue possessing a higher or more varied dramatic interest, or one more admirably calculated impressively to teach the particular duties enforced—duties lying at the very foundation of an elevated morality and pure religion. The examples which are adduced have the point of a sermon, with the more attractive qualities of a romance.

PREFACE.

NAME that class of the community—say where it exists—whose avocations force on them so incessantly the value and responsibility of money as the Clergy!

Daily conversant with misery in every form, it is theirs to see what miracles money, judiciously applied, can effect with regard to the hungry, the struggling, the sick, the ignorant, the criminal, the tempted, and the forsaken. None but those who have watched in the chamber of sickness and suffering, can testify the amount of relief which opportune aid affords.

Another painful duty is theirs. They have to notice but too often how large—viewed in the mirror of self-esteem—A SOVEREIGN appears, when given away in charity; and how very diminutive a form twenty pounds assume when devoted to the gratification of self, or the promptings of vanity.

On the lynx-eyed scrutiny to which the Clergy are subjected; on the desire prominently exhibited to assail and diminish the revenues of the Church; on the spectacle afforded right and left of the struggle between the Church and the world—the world coldly criticising the efforts of

the Church; on the attempt to pare down to the lowest possible scale the income of the Bishops—that income being often the nucleus of the most benevolent projects in the diocese; on the hypocritical clamour for *the voluntary system*—the striving of the multitude to starve the Church;—on all these points sparing comment has been made. They are so many trumpet-calls to honesty of purpose, and integrity of life, inseparable from the eventful days in which our lot is cast.

Deeper has been my concern to show that God claims *his own;* that the prosperous should be HIS almoners; that a curse attends unsanctified riches; that the wealthy niggard bars himself, by his own act, from that kingdom where rules man's great and *ceaseless* Benefactor—the "giver of every good and perfect gift;" and that the injunction laid down in the Record which cannot lie is of perpetual obligation—"The poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I COMMAND thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."

Wealthy Reader! ah, bethink thee: "riches profit not in the day of wrath, but righteousness delivereth *from death.*"

E. N.

Kirton Rectory, Nov. 29th, 1851.

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THE

RICHES THAT BRING NO SORROW.

CHAPTER I.

THE LIVERPOOL MERCHANT SEAMAN—BRYAN BLUNDELL.

OFTEN does the chilling remark fall from the lips of the faint-hearted and feeble-minded—"numbers are essential to success."

"What," say they, "can an isolated individual effect? What can ONE do? Your project is hopeless, unless, at the first start, you can append to it adherents, backers, a party; and bring to it, when broached, the influence of great names, and the support of a weighty purse."

A monstrous fallacy, often pompously and confidently enunciated; but no less a fallacy for all that. A single individual, with God's blessing on his efforts, has often achieved seeming impossibilities. A unit in Creation has conferred blessings on thousands. Howard reformed the prisons of Europe. Wilberforce emancipated the slave. The savings' bank was originated by a woman, Priscilla Wakefield, wisely and kindly thoughtful of those whose wealth, if it grows, must come from small sources.

The temperance movement must be attributed to a benevolent priest, Father Mathew. The Foundling Hospital owed its rise to a rough sea-captain, named Coram. The National Benevolent Institution was founded by the exertions of Peter Hervé, a poor miniature painter. Sunday schools were devised by a religious printer of Gloucester, Robert Raikes. The Bible Society, with its wide-spread and incalculable blessings, was projected by a poor clergyman, struggling with difficulties, and weighed down by domestic cares, a scanty income, and large family, Thomas Scott, of Aston Sandford. And that invaluable institution, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, *esto perpetua!* was first broached in "The Record" by a far-sighted and single-hearted man, holding an appointment in the East India House, the earnest minded Frederick Sandoz.

These are all, under God, the triumphs of individuals; and they thus address us: "Work while it is day; your journey is short; your time of probation uncertain; your reckoning is heavy; your Master is near."

In the princely town of Liverpool—princely for the number of its charities, the spirit of boundless munificence which actuates its merchants, and the alacrity with which a useful or intellectual enterprise is adopted and achieved—there stands a massive old-fashioned building, which has done good service to the state. It has sent forth a succession of men admirably trained to struggle with life's trials; to bear themselves honestly and nobly amidst its manifold temptations, calmly to front adversity, and

temperately to enjoy prosperity; well fitted, by previous discipline and sound religious instruction, to fill that station in life to which God's good providence might call them. It may be styled the training home, in a flourishing port, of the commercial trader of middle life.

And it was the work of ONE man. Liverpool, with all its commerce, and industry, and energy, and wealth—with its crowded docks and floating harbors —with its forest of masts peeping up among its churches, with the products of every clime which line its quays—*the modern Tyre*, has no nobler spectacle than that annually presented on St. George's day, when, to the stirring strains of a military band, three hundred and fifty children, the inmates of "Blundell's Blue Coat Hospital," march in lengthened procession to St. George's Church, headed by the authorities and leading merchants of the port, to commemorate, in the sanctuary of the Great Father of all, the memory of that pious seaman who "gave to God one-tenth of all that he possessed;" who, himself an orphan, yearned over the fatherless, who never flagged in his holy purpose, *and prospered in all that he undertook.*

Let the history of the enterprise, the motives which prompted it, the faith which sustained it, the continued and manifested blessings which accompanied it, be given in the rough sailor's own words.

"A narrative of the rise and progress of the Charity School, or Blue Coat Hospital, in Liverpool, made by Mr. Bryan Blundell, treasurer, from the year 1709 to near the time of his death—1755. He

relates how wonderfully the good providence of God has done for this school since its institution in the year 1709.

"Mr. Robert Stithe, one of the rectors at that time, and myself, were very intimate. I was then master of a ship in the foreign trade. We agreed to use our best endeavors to found a charity school, and applied to the mayor, and some of the most respectable inhabitants, who joined in the business, and subscribed, some twenty, some thirty, some forty shillings a year, to the amount of sixty or seventy pounds per annum. We then built a little school house, which cost thirty-five pounds, and appointed a master, at twenty pounds per annum, which was paid out of the money collected at the sacraments, and took fifty poor children into the said school, clothed, and gave them learning. Mr. Robert Stithe was then made treasurer, and I went to sea on my employment, telling Mr. Stithe that I hoped to be giving him something every voyage for the school.

"In 1713 Mr. Stithe died; from 1709 to the time of his death I had given him 250*l.* on my several voyages—200*l.* of which he had put out to interest. When I came home, and found he was dead, it gave me much concern for the school, as Mr. Richmond, the other rector, was much indisposed at times, and not able to undertake such a charge. I therefore determined to leave off the sea and undertake the care of the school, and was chosen treasurer in 1714, at which time there were 200*l.* at interest, which was all the stock the school had. In a little time, I saw some of the children begging about the streets, their

parents being so poor as not to have bread for them, which gave me great concern, insomuch that I thought to use my best endeavors to make provision for them, so as to take them wholly from their parents, which I hoped might be promoted by a subscription. I therefore got an instrument drawn out for that purpose on parchment, went about with it to most persons of ability, and many subscribed handsomely. On the strength of which I went to work, and got the present charity school built, which has cost between two and three thousand pounds, and was finished in 1718, at which time I gave, for the encouragement of the charity, 750*l.*, *being a tenth part* of what it pleased God to bless me with, and did then purpose to continue to give *the same proportion* of whatever He should indulge me with in the time to come, for the benefit and encouragenent of the said charity. So great has been the mercy and providence of God *in prospering me in business*, that I have made up the 750*l.* to 2000*l.*, which I have paid to the use of the school; and my children (six in number, the youngest of them now near thirty years of age) *are so far from wanting*, or being the worse for what I have given to the school, that they are all benefactors to it, some of them more than a 100*l.* at a time. I may truly say, whilst I have been doing for the children at this school, the good providence of God hath been doing for mine, so that I hope they will be benefactors to this charity when I am in my grave. In 1726, ten more children were taken into the school. In 1735, the sixty children were taken to lodge and diet wholly from their parents.

In 1742, ten more children were admitted, which made our number seventy. In 1744, Mr. Foster Cunliffe gave 1000*l.* for the use of the school, which was put out to interest to the corporation, at 5 per cent. Our stock, by good providence, increasing, and being very desirous of seeing one hundred children in the place before I died, I got a second instrument drawn on parchment in 1747, and solicited subscriptions to enable us to take in thirty more. Accordingly, 2000*l.* were subscribed, upon which we were determined to trust the good providence of God, which had always made up our deficiencies, and in 1748 we took in thirty more, so that there now are seventy boys and thirty girls, in all one hundred—a sight I much and earnestly desired to see before I died.

"The charge is now 700*l.* per annum, towards which we have, by the blessing of God, attained to a stock or income of 400*l.* a-year; the other 300*l.* comes in by gifts and legacies, so that we have never yet wanted at the year's end, but always continue increasing a little. I have now been treasurer thirty-seven years, in which time more than 400 children have been put out apprentices, mostly to sea, in which business many of them are masters, and some mates of ships, and several of them have become benefactors to the school, and useful members of society.

"We take the children into the school at eight years of age, and put them apprentice at fourteen: I give forty shillings apprentice fee with each.

"It is so useful a charity that I have frequently

wished to see as many charity schools as we have churches in the town, which are four; and I yet hope the good providence of God may bring it to pass in the next generation."

Many, but vain have been my efforts to procure documents which would throw light on the early life of this self-denying man. The utmost that I could obtain was the following note from a near descendant of the philanthropist. The lady writes:

"The papers left at my much respected ancestor's decease have passed through so many different hands that I fear there are very few, if any, documents relating to his early history, now in existence. I have this morning seen my brother ——. I gave him your letter. He says he will look over his old family papers, and should he find amongst them any document at all likely to further your object it shall be forwarded. Mr. Blundell was buried in the parish church of St. Nicholas, Liverpool, in the year 1756. He was an only child. His father died when he was very young."

Perhaps, in this last-mentioned circumstance, may be traced the mainspring of that enterprise which ennobled his busy life. The unaided struggles of his own early career had left a permanent and humanizing lesson. Lounging over the bulwarks of his vessel in the quiet watches of the night, contemplating the awful majesty of the deep, and then glancing towards that starry firmament where the

Great Father of all dwells and reigns, the recollection of his own sorrows as a fatherless boy may have issued in a determination, that, if God speeded his toils, he would duly care for others who had been visited by similar bereavement.

Certainly his portrait, as it hangs in the board room of his own hospital, encourages rather than negatives such a conclusion. It occupies, as well it may, a conspicuous place in the apartment. If the limner has been faithful, there is in the picture all the roughness of the sailor, all the hardihood, all the daring! "A noble race they are with all their faults! What other land can grow them?" But in the eye there dwells great kindness of feeling; its expression suggests the irresistible conclusion, that the original was no stranger to the generous gushings of humanity, and to thoughts fraught with good will towards his race. While in the lower part of the face, and especially about the mouth, there lurks a fixedness of purpose, a determination, a resoluteness—all indicative of this feature in the Liverpool mariner's character, that an object once deemed feasible and meritorious, and capable of achievement, death alone would compel its abandonment.

Resolute and persevering old man! Could the future have been unveiled to him, how would it have cheered his benevolent spirit to have witnessed the onward progress of his charity, and to have become conscious of the spirit and zeal with which successive generations have adopted his views and carried out his plans.

In 1716, when he gave 750*l.*—"one-tenth of what

he was worth"— towards his hospital, he was struggling for the clothing, maintenance, and education of tens and twenties: now the objects of his beneficence may be reckoned by hundreds.* Thoughtful Christian! trace in his career a realization of the promise—"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth others shall be watered also himself." In his worldly transactions, whether they referred to sea or land, he was encompassed with a blessing. Amid the perils of ocean he had been signally protected and signally successful. In 1721 he renounced a seafaring life, and entered extensively into mercantile pursuits. Continuous prosperity attended him. "The Lord was with him; and made whatsoever he did to prosper." He bore the ordeal well; prosperity failed to make him selfish or self-reliant. Augmented means did not render him indifferent to his school. To its management, and to the furtherance of its interests, all his leisure was scrupulously devoted. In this course those dearest to him concurred. Far from wishing to abridge their parent's benevolent operations, or feeling anxious that he should stay his hand,† Mr.

* In 1756 Mr. Richard Blundell succeeded his father in the office of treasurer. In 1759 twenty more children were accommodated. In 1763 eighty more children were admitted: making in all 150 boys and 50 girls. In 1770 twenty boys additional were admitted. In 1779 twenty more. In 1781 ten more. And in 1783 ten more. The total number being then 210 boys and 50 girls. From this period the number fluctuated. At present the number amounts to 350: viz. 250 boys and 100 girls.

† First and last his benefactions amounted to no less a sum than 3500*l.*

Blundell's family, six in number, cordially co-operated in carrying out their father's views, and *each* became a donor of 100*l.* to the hospital.

As vice invariably finds imitators, so has it been mercifully overruled by the ALL-WISE, that one truly noble and compassionate act is very frequently the forerunner of another.

Springing from, and out of, Blundell's charity, an excellent fraternity arose in 1838, entitled "The Blue Coat Brotherly Society." Its object is to *counsel*, *guard*, and RESCUE. How needful and how valuable a brotherhood in a town so full of temptation as Liverpool is discernible at a glance. Its members are all "Blues." Their plan is duly and statedly to visit the apprentices and children educated in the school. Of the former they carefully watch the conduct in their several situations; and, *if need arise*, promptly step in with pecuniary assistance, recommendation, or advice!

God speed such a brotherhood, which may save, in the hour of trial, many a wavering and tempted being from infamy and ruin!

Nor is this all. By and by, those who had been benefited, became, in their turn, benefactors. Those, who in childhood had been sheltered and nourished by Blundell's munificence, became, at the close of life, Blundell's imitators and fellow workers. Legacies, varying in amount, were bequeathed to the institution. Two of them well merit special mention.

In 1836, Mr. Potts, who was educated in the school, left it 1000*l.*, and in the same year, Mr. George Brown, who also was educated in the school,

and who, *during his lifetime*, contributed liberally towards the support of an institution, "to which," (his own words are used), "under Providence, he owed ALL *that he possessed*," bequeathed the sum of 500*l.*

Ah! eternal, and daily exemplified, is that weighty truth so briefly expressed, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it *after many days*."

In the church of St. Nicholas, within gunshot of the building which his piety projected, and within hearing of the ripple of the element on which his youth was passed, the noble seaman rests, awaiting "the resurrection of the just." Contrasting his original position in life with what he was spared to effect—his beginnings with their results—a weighty moral, methinks, may be gathered.

When shall we learn the lesson to take courage, and, in the face of difficulties, to work for God? When shall we acknowledge the abiding truth, that, labouring for HIS glory, we may confidently rely for aid on an invisible arm!

It was a canon in Hannah More's creed, that, once convinced that an object was desirable and worthy to be effected, she was never to allow the presence of any obstacle to deter her from the vigorous prosecution of her task.

A courageous conclusion, and in keeping with the sentiment of a kindred spirit:—"O, my brother," said Suleiman, "Allah, the exalted, is the father of us all, and has committed the poor and the unfortunate to the care of the wealthy and the prosperous. When we aid the misfortunes of one another, and

supply from our own abundance the deficiencies
our fellow men, we do but relieve those who
closely related to us by the ties of nature and p
tion. The showing of compassion renders us lik
HIM whose chosen title is El Raham, THE MERCI
ONE."

CHAPTER II.

JEMMY WOOD—THE MISER—OF GLOUCESTER.

THE true estimation of prominent characters is often long deferred. It is seldom that the general judgment for or against a man is pronounced within a few years of his decease. While the person, the manners, and the language still present themselves vividly to the surviving friends; while the enthusiasm of partisans survives, and the dislike or jealousy of rivals is unforgotten, his memory is still reviled on one side, still reverenced on the other. It is left for posterity to revise either opinion, and to weigh his merits or demerits with more or less of impartiality, before a definite place, either among criminals or worthies, is assigned him. If conflicting opinions coincide to *anticipate* that judgment, it must be because the character of the man is revealed immediately on the subsidence of the passions he evoked.

Fifteen years have now elapsed since Wood, the wealthy miser of Gloucester, passed to his account. In what category are we to place him—among the benefactors or oppressors of his kind? Did he elevate or degrade our common nature?

To toil early and late for gold which is to enrich some favourite child; to struggle incessantly and uncomplainingly for means which are to form the lever

for raising to a commanding station some darling and only son; to battle bravely with opposing difficulties, and to submit to systematic self-denial, in order to retrieve a forfeited position in society or to re-acquire an alienated inheritance, all this is sufficiently intelligible.

The passionate desire of regaining Daylesford, the patrimony of his fathers, sustained Warren Hastings during his chequered and earnest career. But to devote an entire life to the acquirement of wealth; to shrink from no meanness, and to spurn no artifice, in order to add to the heap; to bow and cringe to the meanest, and vilest, and most worthless of mankind, if 20 per cent. is to be secured by such submission; to deem nothing a humiliation when money can be made, and this without any ulterior and redeeming object, but simply to hold, and retain, and gloat over the possession of thousands,—is a marvellous employment of life by an immortal being. Scripture would be a mockery if riches so acquired did not bring an ample harvest of sorrow along with them.

In one of the principal streets of Gloucester,—that anomalous and picturesque city, where antiquity and novelty are so strangely blended,—a noble minster towering above and looking down upon swarming docks,—resided, towards the close of 1834, an old gentleman respecting whom various parties entertained inexpressible anxiety. He was believed to be extremely rich, was known to have been scrupulously parsimonious, and was suspected to have made no will; and yet if he died intestate, where would be

the expectations of those who for so many years had been courting him, cajoling him, flattering him, and misleading him? He was now approaching eighty,—his end could not be far distant,—a will *must* be made. But who was equal to the task of persuading the miser to execute it?

In truth it was no easy enterprise. JEMMY WOOD —to use the term by which he was popularly known in Gloucester—loved money as he loved his life; to amass it was his daily, earnest, and abiding effort; the idea of relinquishing it, or any part of it, was agony. It was his all. To what had he not submitted to accumulate it? Early and late had he toiled; his food had been of the plainest and coarsest kind; his dress was sordid in the extreme; all amusements he had foregone,—he "*couldn't afford them;*" company he had shunned,—it "wasn't profitable." Against all the pleadings of charity he had steeled himself; none could remember any exercise of mercy, any benevolent act, any charitable donation, any cession or surrender of claim in favour of the unfortunate, which Jemmy Wood had ever performed. On the contrary, he was known, during the musical festivals held at Gloucester for the benefit of the clergy, widows and orphans, again and again to have called those "fools" who attended them; to have maintained that "when the poor-rates came in they put an end to all gifts;" and to have made it his boast that he "had never given away one half-crown in charity *in all his life!*"

But who was this man, and how had he become so wealthy? He was Gloucester bred and born, having

drawn his first breath in that city October 7th, 1756. He was draper, hardwareman, ship-chandler, banker, and money-broker.

Though opulent, he was very illiterate, as is borne out by the fact, that in his bills, which he sent in annually to the Corporation of Gloucester, "linen for the beadle" is invariably spelt "linnen for the biddle." Of his indifference to his personal appearance, and the sordid shabbiness of his attire, proof is given by the fact, that in the inventory of his effects his clothes are valued at *five* pounds.

In combination with the bank, the old man, to the day of his death, kept a shop, such as comes within the description of a chandler's shop, in which he sold almost anything that a customer might be inclined to purchase—from the mousetrap to the supply for a shipping order. At one end of this shop the business of the Old Gloucester Bank was transacted; and the *whole* establishment consisted of the deceased, and *two* clerks, or assistants. He was throughout life a bachelor; entertained no guests; visited no associate; spent his whole week in his bank or shop, *and his Sunday* in a long walk in the country.

A being so unsocial, so heartless, and so grasping, was not a likely object to inspire attachment or affection in those around him; and therefore it is not surprising that the point most at heart with those nearest his person was, that he should make a final arrangement of his affairs—and die.

After sundry hints and suggestions, and some *management*, the full amount of which will never be known in this world, the affair was brought about on

the 2d and 3d of December, 1834. Mr. Wood made his will. In the spring of 1836 that final severance took place, which to him must have been so inexpressibly painful,—the severance between himself and that wealth which he had idolized upon earth. He died April 20th, 1836, at the age of eighty.

His funeral took place on the 26th, and drew together an immense concourse of spectators. As, whilst living, Mr. Wood never suffered his riches to be diminished by any calls of a benevolent or charitable nature, it was not to be expected that his funeral procession should elicit indications of that veneration and respect which length of years and unbounded wealth might, under other circumstances, have commanded.

It was a most painful funeral to witness. During the progress of the train to St. Mary-de-Crypt's church, where the body was interred, the crowd uttered comments and drew conclusions wholly unsuited to the solemnity of the occasion, and yet attributable to the previous habits and usurious practices of the deceased. To the masses it seemed matter of exultation that such a hard-hearted being was called home.

The body was borne to the grave by eight tenants of the deceased, and the pall was supported by Mr. Phillpotts, Dr. Maddy, Mr. Price, Mr. D. M. Walker, Mr. F. Woodcock, and Mr. Sutton.

The four executors—Mr. Alderman Wood, Mr. Chadborne, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Surman—attended as mourners.

The only paper supposed, at first, to have been

left by the deceased as a will, was one dated December 2d and 3d, 1834, in which he requests his friends Alderman Wood, M.P. of London, John Chadborne of Gloucester (his attorney), Jacob Osborne and John Surman of Gloucester (his two clerks), to be his executors; and declares his wish, that "my executors shall have all my property, REAL AND PERSONAL, which I may not dispose of; and that all my estate, real and personal, shall go amongst them and their heirs in equal proportions, subject to my debts and my legacies, or bequests of any part thereof, if any, which I may hereafter make."

In preparation for the probate of this will the *personal* property of the deceased was sworn under 900,000*l.*

The following is a tolerably accurate summary of the miser's *personal* estate:

	£.	s.	d.
New Annuities	66,221	11	0
East India Stock	3,000	0	0
Three per Cent. Consols	57,500	0	0
New Three-and-a-Half per Cents	333,098	13	8
Bank Long Annuities	9	5	0
Three per Cents Reduced	9,380	19	10
Reduced Three-and-a-Half per Cents	181,000	0	0
Bank Stock	52,000	0	0
Rents due from his Freehold and Copyhold Property at the time of his death	4,677	15	0
Rents of Leaseholds due at the time of his death	710	10	9
Mortgages	15,639	6	1
Interest on ditto due at his death	1,391	12	9
Bonds, Bills, and Notes of Hand	5,408	5	10
Interest on ditto at his death	395	19	11

	£	s.	d.
; Accounts due to his Estate at the same			
- - - - - -	11,325	1	4
wing to him for Ship goods - -	138	7	9
of Cash in the hands of Sir John Lubbock			
- - - - - -	9,756	12	6
and in his house - - - -	2,416	10	0
- - - - - -	49	1	0
- - - - - -	0	0	11
otes - - - - -	5,237	0	0
- - - - - -	9	0	0
d : six five-guinea pieces, five two-guinea			
s, nine one-guinea ditto, and two foreign			
s; all of which was sold for - -	51	16	6
ver—69 pieces produced - - -	5	4	0
gold piece - - - -	0	2	6
f his Leaseholds - - - -	711	4	0
IG APPAREL - - - -	5!!!		0
old Furniture - - - -	328	0	0
- - - - - -	256	0	0
a Trade - - - - -	579	10	0
	£781,107	10	4

this personalty was to be added the real estate, ting of freehold property valued at 200,000*l.*, g a total little short of a million.

s will was no sooner divulged than it was ed as *manufactured* and fraudulent. Foremost posing it was Mrs. Goodlake. This lady was the miser's next of kin;* saw a good deal of n the latter part of his life; was much about

left behind him no very near relation, his surviving sister died in April, 1833. There were, in fact, only two who claimed to be considered as next of kin, Mrs. ke and a Mr. Griffiths.

him in his last illness, and had held several conversations with him about the final disposition of his property. She did not hesitate to say, and never qualified the statement, that the document purporting to be the will of Mr. Wood, was not his will at all; —that the two papers marked A and B, which composed it, had been annexed together without the deceased's knowledge or consent, and endorsed by Mr. Chadborne "Will of James Wood," and placed in the repositories of the deceased, in order that they might be found by Mr. Phillpotts. Whether Mrs. Goodlake did not here assume too much is matter of opinion; but from subsequent investigation it became too evident that, during the latter part of his existence, the miser's movements had been subjected to a surveillance, and his private papers to a scrutiny, little to the credit of parties who were immediately about him. Mrs. Goodlake, who was much at his own house, asserted on oath that the deceased had on several occasions complained to her that he had lost wills; and said that he "would place his real will where no one should find it."

Whatever incredulity might at first wait on Mrs. Goodlake's assertions,—that the will tendered as Mr. Wood's was not his, but a will "*cooked*" and concocted, and put together for him after he was gone,—that impression was not lasting. Subsequent events proved that the lady had grounds for her conclusions; and in attacking the authenticity of her kinsman's will, Mrs. Goodlake proved herself a formidable opponent. Time, as it rolled on, established another fact; viz. that on the morning after

the miser's death, at a very early hour, before Mr. Surman or Jacob Osborne were up, Mr. Chadborne, the solicitor, was in Mr. Wood's apartments, ransacking private drawers and burning papers. How many of these last were destroyed no one seemed able to give a guess; but there was a huge pile of ashes on the hearth. It appeared, too, that the will consisted of two separate pieces of paper, adroitly wafered together,—pieces which the lawyers, in canvassing the will's validity, discussed separately, and described as "Testamentary Paper A," and "Testamentary Paper B." It was proved also that, in a confidential conversation which the dying miser held some few days before his death, he said positively that, "under his will, Mr. Alderman Wood would not be greatly benefited; but that Mr. Phillpotts* would, very considerably." In the paper propounded as *his will*, Mr. Phillpotts name did not *occur at all.*

These and other circumstances heartened Mrs. Goodlake in her determination to denounce the will as fraudulent. She opposed it might and main.

So that already the curse on ill-gotten wealth was in operation—already the miser's riches were fruitful of sorrow. The mother was acting in determined hostility against her son; for, be it remembered, Mrs. Goodlake was the mother of Mr. Surman, one of the executors of Mr. Wood's will, under which he took a very considerable interest, and which, as executor, he was doing his best to establish. This will Mrs. Goodlake declared a fraudulent sham, and

* Brother to the Bishop of Exeter, and formerly M. P. for Gloucester.

strained every nerve to upset it. A fine feast for the lawyers! On the 4th of June the Prerogative Court of Canterbury granted an administration of the effects, *pending suit;* limited however, to the release of the property in the banking house, and to the repair of the freehold and other perishable property.

Matters were in this state when on the 8th of June a paper, professing to be a codicil to Mr. Wood's will, was sent, anonymously, through the threepenny post, to Mr. Helps, at Balham Hill. This document bore date "July, 1835," the day of the month not being on the paper. The instrument in question was dated from the "City Old Bank" in Gloucestershire, and was entitled "A Codicil to my Will." It ran as follows: "In a codicil to my will I give to the Corporation of Gloucester 140,000*l.* In this I wish my executors would give 60,000*l.* more to them for the same purpose as I have before named. I would also give to my friend John Phillpotts, 50,000*l.*, and to George Council 10,000*l.*, and to Thomas Helps of Cheapside, London, 30,000*l.*, and to Elizabeth Goodlake the mother of Mr. Surman, and to Thomas Wood, Smith Street, Chelsea, each 20,000*l.*, and to Samuel Wood, Cleveland Street, Mile End, 14,000*l.*, and to this gentleman's family 6000*l.*; and I confirm all other bequests, and give the rest of my property to my executors for their own interest.—Gloucester, July, 1835."

This document was accompanied by an anonymous letter, written with pencil, and to the following effect:—

"Enclosed is a paper saved out of many by parties *I could hang!* They pretend it is not James Wood's hand; many will swear to it. They want to swindle me. Let the rest know."

The latter document was on a separate slip of paper. Apart from the fact that the contents of this so-called codicil were singular, and its mode of transmission suspicious, the appearance of the instrument itself was sufficient to raise ample misgivings as to its being genuine. It had evidently been subjected, at one time or other, to the action of fire. It was *burnt at one corner;* but, strange to say, not to the extent of effacing any part of the writing. Then again it appeared to be a cancelled document,—one which the writer had apparently revoked, and, as he believed, destroyed. It was torn nearly in two, but not entirely: thus the whole of the writing remained perfectly legible. The rent went directly through the Christian name of the deceased, so as to divide Mr. Wood's Christian name from his surname. Then, again, the paper looked crushed and crumpled, as if it had been the subject of a violent struggle, or had been suddenly snatched from some hiding-place or peril. Altogether, never did document purporting to be a codicil, and disposing of property to the amount of 210,000*l.*, come into a Court of Judicature in more questionable guise.

The parties named in it were not idle. Immediately on its receipt, advertisements were published, and rewards of eight and ten thousand pounds were offered, to induce the individual who had transmitted the paper to come forward and avow himself. A

promise of further recompense was held out by the Gloucester Corporation to the party who could recover for them the codicil by which *an additional sum* of 140,000*l.* was willed to them.

To no purpose: the individual, whoever he was, had reasons of his own, sufficiently stringent, for remaining silent.

A question then arose, in whose possession was this codicil at the time of the testator's death? Who had been the holder of it *since?* Had it been revoked by the deceased in his lifetime? And was its tattered, and torn, and scorched appearance proof that he had torn it up in his lifetime, and, as he supposed, destroyed it? If not, had some other party snatched it from the burning pyre *the morning after his death?*

Considerable anxiety was evinced as to the part which Mr. Phillpotts would take in the affair. Those were not wanting who declared that he could clear up much mystery, and throw great light upon the preservation of this scrap of singed paper, had he been so disposed. But he remained perfectly passive.

The paper was propounded as a genuine codicil to the miser's will by some of the legatees named in it. It was tendered as a valid document by the Corporation of Gloucester, by Mr. Helps, and the two gentlemen, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Samuel Wood.

Mr. Phillpotts *kept aloof.* He did not propound it. On the other hand, Mrs. Goodlake opposed both the will and the codicil. The latter document, her legal advisers assumed, had been thrown on the

blazing fire, and rescued *improperly* from destruction. Mrs. Goodlake wished that both codicil and will should be pronounced invalid, and the miser declared to have died intestate: she would thus have shared largely in his personalty as next of kin. She averred there had been foul play throughout. The will was manufactured; the codicil unworthy of credit. "If," said she, with great acuteness, "all had been right, and nothing suppressed, and no tricks played with any testamentary paper, how does it happen that the codicil by which 140,000*l.* are given to the Corporation of Gloucester, is not forthcoming? Where is that document? Who holds it back? And why? It was certainly once in existence: where is it now?" In court after court—Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, in the Arches, deciding against the codicil—the miser's will and the litigants under it battled obstinately; and the more eagerly the various questions that arose under it were sifted, the more embittered grew the feelings of the contending parties. The banker's coffers were productive of sufficient sorrow. He who hated law and lawyers all his life, furnished matter and fees enough for them after death. Nor was the agitation consequent on the discussion of his will at all favorable to his memory. Traits of his avarice, of his meanness, of his lust for gain bordering on dishonesty, were rife in the journals of the day. One or more of them are too characteristic to be omitted.

His assistant, Jacob Osborne, rose later than usual one morning, and on making his appearance was greeted by his master with the remark that *he* "was

no sluggard;" *he* had already been making money that morning,—making money fast—fast; had sold a whole piece of gingham before breakfast to an old woman; and, as she didn't seem to know much about it, he had put on a penny per yard, which she had "paid without words." It may be remarked, by the way, that it was one of this wretched man's peculiar pleasures to *do the poor*. His chuckle was never so hearty, and his step never so brisk, as when he had "done the trick over the left" to one of the *destitute*. Jacob listened. "Did she pay for it?" inquired he, after a pause. "Yes," returned the miser; "to be sure she did: dy'e think I'd trust such as she? You must have slept away your senses. Pay for it? Aye, to be sure! Came down with the ready—a five pound note; and I gave her four pounds eleven change out of it." And rubbing his hands smartly together, as was his custom when pleased, he handed the note over to Osborne. The latter looked at it, and then said, with a malicious grin, "If that's all you've done this morning, Sir, you'd better have been a-bed like myself! Such customers as she won't do. The note's a bad un. It be one of the Wellingborough Bank, Rodick & Co., who failed some eleven years ago. You've given away your gingham and your change too!"

At another time, Osborne had gone out for a walk,—it was summer,—and Jemmy was left in charge of the shop. Among its wares was a roll of damaged ribbons which, contrary to Osborne's advice, the miser bought as "being dirt cheap," and found, subsequently, as his factotum had forewarned him, "very

considerable difficulty in getting rid of it." It was evening, between the lights, when a tawdry girl entered the shop, and asked for three yards of bonnet ribbon. Jemmy seized the opportunity, produced the damaged roll, spoke in the twilight confidently of its excellence, and sold from it the required quantity. The girl tendered a five shilling piece; and Jemmy handed her the difference—four shillings. On his shopman's return, the master, chuckling, thus accosted him: "You told me, Jacob, I should never sell a yard of that ribbon. Pooh! pooh! I've just sold three at fifty per cent. profit, ha! ha! ha! Fifty per cent., Jacob! mind that! Old heads are better than young uns! Trust *me* for doing business." "The twilight has sold it, not you," returned the other churlishly; "for my part, I'm not sure that it *is* sold; see if you're not obliged to take it back again to-morrow, when it comes to be looked at in day-light."

"The ribbon is sold, Jacob,—sold, I tell ye—sold; we never take back goods; once parted with—parted with for good, is the rule at our shop."

Night came on; the shutters were put up, and the till examined, when Jacob suddenly exclaimed, "Who took this bad money? Here's a five shilling piece which is regular Brummagem, all pewter, and no mistake!"

"I took it," cried the old man, hurriedly; "and not an hour ago."

"What, for the ribbon?" said Jacob, sneeringly.

The miser groaned.

"You talked about the ribbon being sold; but it

is you that are sold this time, and preciously too," continued Osborne: "you'll take my advice another time, and hold off from speculating in damaged ribbons."

"I couldn't see in the twilight," interposed Jemmy, piteously.

"You could see to sell the ribbon," pursued his malicious tormentor; "and dear enough, first and last, it will cost you."

At length, after five years' incessant litigation, when the will had been argued in every Court into which it was possible to bring it, and viewed under every aspect which human ingenuity could suggest, it was carried into the House of Lords, and heard upon appeal, August 16th, 1841. The merits of the question had been canvassed before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and Lord Lyndhurst, as Chancellor, read their decision from manuscript.

In substance it was to this effect:—

"The testator, James Wood, was a man far advanced in life, being about eighty years of age at the time of his death.

"He had for many years been engaged in trade in the city of Gloucester as a draper and banker, and had, by great attention to business, by his very careful and parsimonious habits, and by bequests from certain of his relations, accumulated a very large estate, amounting to several hundred thousand pounds. The extent of the property in controversy, the obscurity of some of the circumstances, and the

extraordinary and mysterious nature of others, have given to this proceeding much interest.

"Mr. Chadborne, an attorney of Gloucester, was the deceased's legal adviser; and the will is contained in two papers, marked A. and B. Of the paper B. there is no doubt of its being the act of James Wood, the testator. But this paper is inoperative in itself, the property being given to executors, and they are not named in the instrument.

"The business was not transacted in a hurry. It was not completed without advice. Chadborne, by whom the will was drawn, was a lawyer of experience; the testator must have known that that the executors were not named in the paper. He read it over twice in the presence of the witnesses before he signed it.

"The inference is, he must have meant executors already named in another document.

"These are supplied by the paper marked A. It bears date the 2d of December, and is signed by the testator.

"It is entitled 'Instructions for the Will of me, James Wood, Esquire, of Gloucester;' and it proceeds thus:—

"'I request my friends Alderman Wood of London, M.P., John Chadborne of Gloucester, Jacob Osborne of Gloucester, and John S. Surman of Gloucester, to be my executors; and I appoint them executors accordingly.'"

His Lordship then adverts to certain circumstances immediately preceding the making of the will, and

comments on the evidence of Sutton, one of the witnesses in the suit.

"Sutton appears to have been on very friendly and intimate terms with the testator. The deceased had, at different times, expressed to him his dissatisfaction that the deposits at his bank were diminishing; and, in reply, Sutton reminded him, that unless the public were satisfied that the balances would be immediately receivable in the event of his death, his banking business must diminish, notwithstanding the security derived from his large property.

"Sutton says:—

"'In the afternoon of Monday, the 1st day of December, 1834, I accidentally called at the deceased's, and saw in the shop Mr. Surman, who, addressing me, said, "Mr. Sutton, you have a great deal of influence with Mr. Wood: we want him to make a will, and wish you to speak to him about it."

"'I did not, at that time, see the deceased; but went away, telling Mr. Surman that I would call again in the evening. Soon after six o'clock the same evening I went to the deceased's, and found him in his parlor, and alone. I sat and conversed with him for some time on general topics, until at length I opened the subject by saying, that I thought it was time that "his will was made," or "that he made his will." His reply was very short. He said, "Aye, aye; I must." Upon this I dropped the subject, and soon after took my leave. On the 4th of December, 1830, I again called on the deceased, and reverted to the subject of making his will. The deceased replied, "I have settled my affairs; my

debts will be paid when I die."' Sutton continued to bank with the testator to the time of his death.

"Mrs. Goodlake was alone with the testator for a considerable time in the forenoon of the Monday before his death, having been sent for in consequence of his illness. Mrs. G. on that occasion spoke to him about the propriety of making his will; when the testator said, 'Don't fret yourself to fiddle-strings; Alderman Wood will spend the money very properly. Chadborne has done all my business for many years, and he has been very honest and attentive. Mr. Osborne has been a very faithful servant; and our John* I always loved. He always was a great favorite of mine: he knows all about it, and can tell you all about it."

"We must not be understood to say that this is a case free from doubt: we consider, on the contrary, that it is involved in difficulty, and that it is, in many of its circumstances, painfully obscure. But, after much and attentive consideration, we think the balance of evidence (and by that we must be governed) is in favor of the appellants: the codicil must be received. Various minute and concurrent circumstances satisfy us that the codicil was the act of the testator. But then, it comes nobody knows whence, or from whom. It was sent anonymously to one of the parties claiming under it. This is a circumstance justly calculated to create suspicion, and would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a most material and formidable objection. But the

* Mrs. Goodlake's son, John Surman.

evidence in this case leads to the conclusion that the papers of the testator have been *improperly dealt with.* It is proved, as we think satisfactorily, that Chadborne, who had committed or attempted a fraud in the annexation of the papers A. and B., was in the house of the testator at an early hour on the day after his death, while Osborne and Surman were still in bed. He tenders an explanation; but the explanation is insufficient, and at variance with the proof. It is *admitted* that PAPERS *were* BURNT, and one of them probably of a testamentary character. These circumstances appear to us greatly to weaken the force of the objection. This conduct of burning, and abstraction, and annexation, is charged upon Chadborne; and it turns out, unexpectedly, to be true. The person, therefore, who produced this paper must have had some knowledge of these transactions — some connection with them; and this explains the possession of the codicil, and shows why it was not produced from the repositories of the testator. It seems that a corner has been burnt, the paper torn through, and in one place across the signature; but by whom, and under what circumstances, does not appear. There is nothing whatever to show that it was done by the testator, or, if so, with what intention it was done. It is obvious, we think, that *it must have been* IMPROPERLY *dealt with;* for if it was defaced by the testator, he would either have entirely destroyed it, or it would have been found in this state among his papers. The circumstance of its being in other hands, shows that *a fraud has been practised,* and that no safe con-

clusion can be drawn, from its appearance, that it was torn or burnt by the testator. Our opinion, therefore, is, that the codicil ought to be proved."

The goal was now reached—the final award made. Did it satisfy those whom it principally concerned? Did *any* of the participants in the miser's hoards consider that they had cause for congratulation? The Gloucester Corporation deemed themselves "robbed," and indignantly demanded what had become of the codicil—once indisputably in existence—which made over to them 140,000*l.*? By whom was it withheld? or, if no longer extant, who had destroyed it? Mrs. Goodlake dwelt on her relationship to the deceased—on the "two scraps of paper, A. and B., which, by the aid of scissors and wafers, had been constituted a will;" and maintained, with deep and pardonable chagrin, that as the last testament of her kinsman was "evidently manufactured," it should have been rejected altogether, and the personalty divided between herself and Mr. Griffiths, as Mr. Wood's nearest relatives.

Poor old Jacob Osborne lived in daily dread of becoming burdensome to the parish; was worn down in body and mind by the protracted uncertainty in which the law's delays kept him; and, when his legacy at last was forthcoming, had acquired such habits of parsimony as to be past all enjoyment of wealth. Alderman Wood was heard more than once to declare, that the suspense, mental inquietude,

harass, and annoyance which the fight for the will's validity had entailed, had sorely tried him, and had tended, he was persuaded, to shorten his days.

Mr. Chadborne it *killed!*

The aspersions thrown upon his character—the unfavorable view which the judges of the different Courts into which Mr. Wood's will was brought concurred in taking of his part in the transaction—the comments of the press—and the expression of public opinion, crushed him. He declared himself unable to bear up under the weight of imputations levelled at him. He became moody, sullen, anxious, apprehensive, and at length *terminated his own existence.*

Mr. Phillpotts took his legacy of 50,000*l.*, and, with it, a full share of the surmises, suspicions, and inuendoes engendered by the sudden appearance of the scorched and tattered codicil—the strange preservation of which it was always said he, beyond any man living, could, if he had chosen, have thoroughly explained. He did not enjoy his share of the miser's hoard long. His death took place very suddenly, in Piccadilly, in alighting from an omnibus.

With respect to Mr. Surman,—the painful spectacle exhibited in Court of a mother perseveringly maintaining a will to be spurious, which the son as vehemently upheld to be valid, has been already adverted to. Apart from this another calamity supervened,—his mind *never recovered its former equilibrium.*

In truth, what blessing could be expected to rest upon a property acquired by fourscore years' deliberate neglect of every relative and social duty?

"Take heed, and beware of covetousness," is the caution once and again reiterated by the Great Teacher. When will men really credit that its indulgence involves banishment from God, and is certain to attract HIS curse!

In the Sistine chapel at Rome is the picture, by Michael Angelo, of the Last Judgment. An acute critic, commenting on it, says, that "the countenances of the condemned, who have been driven by the Supreme Judge from the abodes of the blessed, seem to increase in demoniacal repulsiveness in proportion to their distance from the throne of the Almighty." And so it is. The idea proceeds from no heated fancy. It is true, and embodies a world of meaning. The further the soul of man recedes from God, the more sensual, demoniacal, and unfit for heaven it becomes. The genius of the painter has expressed the most overpowering thought in theology,—that nearness to God in holy communion and in humble obedience is the supreme felicity of man, and that man's misery heightens as his guilt deepens.

Youthful reader, listen, and believe me;—wealth *thus* acquired alone can prosper: "the blessing of the Lord IT maketh rich; and He addeth *no sorrow* with it."

CHAPTER III.

THE BENEFACTOR OF THE BLIND—THE REV. WILLIAM HETHERINGTON.

In the life of the celebrated Cecil, there is an incident recorded characteristic of the courage of the man and the fidelity of the minister. Having made his appearance one morning at the dwelling of one of his flock, and having gained access to its master, he commenced the conversation by saying, very gravely, "I have called on you, sir, because I hear you are in great danger." The party thus addressed replied, somewhat coldly, that he "was happy to see Mr. Cecil, but was not aware of any peril that menaced him from any quarter." "It does," was the rejoinder; "and not the less certainly from your being unconscious of its presence: I hear you are become *extremely rich.*"

The million covet wealth, but how few dream of its perils! Few are aware of the extent to which it ministers to the baser passions of our nature, the selfishness which it engenders, the arrogance which it feeds, the self-security which it inspires, the damage which it does to all the nobler feelings and holier aspirations of the heart. Common life presents us hourly with instances where, under its influence, the whole man appears utterly changed. He who, in humble circumstances, was kind, considerate, forbearing, and compassionate, becomes—when raised

to opulence—haughty, obdurate, inaccessible, unmerciful. None must dare to censure, but all must learn to flatter. Nor, in estimating the perils of wealth, must we omit its responsibility,—a responsibility that ceases only with the rich man's last sigh.

"Nothing," says an able writer, "can sever from wealth its duties and its responsibilities; nor can it buy off its obligations to active and prudent service by its large and profuse donations. All that these can buy, is popularity. They are always equivocal, sometimes mischievous; for unless we select, appropriate, proportion, and distinguish, we confound, misapply, impoverish and corrupt. The Saviour's example is before us. He *went about* doing good; He did it personally; He seemed to *watch for opportunities;* He was often weary, but He never found interruption unseasonable. Soft and gentle when Himself only was concerned; bold and stern when the matters of His high commission were in question. He has given us a system—the only system—in which morality is made to consist in active reciprocities."*

Among the men who have felt the responsibility of wealth, and striven to acquit themselves faithfully of its obligations, he must be numbered who, in his lifetime, was styled "the *richest clergyman* in England," and with whose name the "Charity to the Blind" is inseparably blended.

William Hetherington was born at North Cray, in Kent, where his family had been seated for generations, and where they possessed a noble residence,

* "The Call on the Great."

well known to the limner and engraver as North Cray Place. The year of his birth has been variously stated, some asserting it to have been 1693, and others 1698; the latter date is held to be accurate. Traditionary accounts concur in representing him, even in boyhood, as shy and reserved, studious, a lover of solitude, indifferent about associates and amusements, from his very childhood gentle and humane, fond of animals, and, though generally calm and placable, easily roused at seeing them unduly punished, subjected to ill-usage, or taxed beyond their strength. He must be added to other noble spirits whose early studies are associated with Eton. Thence he was elected off to King's College, Cambridge, in 1712. He was admitted fellow of Eton, as appears from the *Registrum Regale*, February 20th, 1750: the entry notifying that event is made in the handwriting of Provost Goodall. Subsequently he accepted the living of Farnham Royal.* On being beneficed, he resigned his fellowship, and resided on his living. No records that are easily accessible throw light upon any charities of a permanent nature bestowed by him on the parish of Farnham. All that can be gathered is, that he improved and added materially to the comforts of the glebe house; and that his sister, who resided with him, Mrs. Elizabeth Hetherington, endowed, with a portion of South Sea Stock, a school at Farnham for "teaching poor girls to read and work." During the period he held a fellowship at Eton, the growing spiritual necessities of the place appear to have arrested his attention.

* A village distant from Eton about four miles.

To meet them he built, at his own cost, in the town of Eton, a chapel of ease to the parish church, which, be it remembered, is also the collegiate church, and therefore occupied to some extent by the scholars of Eton. To Mr. Hetherington's bounty, therefore, the town of Eton is chiefly indebted for its church accommodation. True, the existing chapel may not be in all respects as this benevolent fellow of Eton left it; succeeding benefactors may have enlarged and improved it; fresh seats may have been added, and the internal accommodation have undergone considerable change: but the merit of recognizing and providing, from his own purse, for the spiritual necessities of the town of Eton, belongs to this devout and disinterested man.

In 1774 he conceived and matured the charity so nobly identified with his name,—the *Charity for the Blind.* It is believed to have thus originated: Fond of his garden, and taking great interest in the growth and produce of his trees, pruning was a very favourite occupation. While thus engaged, a bough, which he was holding with one hand, and which he fancied he had under thorough control, rebounded, and struck him smartly across the eyes and upper part of the face. The pain, for the moment, was acute, but nothing beyond mere temporary inconvenience was apprehended. Before many hours, however, inflammation set in upon the right eye; the left sympathized; and Mr. Hetherington had to submit to some severe remedies, and underwent much suffering, before the attack yielded to treatment. While sitting in

darkness,—his studies per force suspended, forbidden to read, or in any way to exercise the visual organs; wholly dependent upon the care of others, unable to amuse himself, and by no means free from the apprehension of total loss of sight,—he would seem to have ruminated deeply upon the helplessness of the blind and their many privations. With him thought was ever the prelude to action. Conviction of an existing evil, and an attempt to find a remedy, were in his mind never long dissociated. His first remark to a female relative, on being assured of his own recovery, was this, "Now I will found a charity for the blind."

In pursuance of this purpose, he transferred, in the March of that year, 20,000*l.* Old South Sea Annuities to certain trustees, directing them to pay into the treasury of Christ's Hospital 100*l.* per annum, (being one sixth part of the dividend), for the purpose of meeting and defraying the expenses contingent on the distribution of his contemplated charity. The remaining dividend, 500*l.*, he directs shall be given in pensions of 10*l.* each to fifty blind persons "of sober life and conversation," not "receiving alms" or being "common beggars."

In a memorial, addressed subsequently to the Court of Almoners, he expresses his wish,—"That such persons as were, are, or may be blind through age, or, being old, have or may have the misfortune to be blind, should be relieved in preference to younger persons;" and states his fund to be mainly intended for such as "have been brought up and lived in a reputable manner;" or "having but *little*

of their own, want some *addition* to what they have to make life more comfortable under such an infirmity."

On the compassionate course indicated by this good man, other benevolent individuals were not slow to travel. Between the years 1774 and 1850, the munificent fellow of Eton had *thirty-nine* imitators. By them no less than 566 additional annuities were founded, annexed to the Hetherington fund, and placed under the same impartial and economical management. Thus, up to this date, from Mr. Hetherington's gift and subsequent additions made to it, the large number of 616 annuitants are benefited,—the income of the charity, amounting to no less a sum than 6160*l.* per annum!

The importance of such a charity, so widely diffused, can hardly be over-estimated. Its recipients are scattered all over the kingdom. Most clergymen who have held a populous charge will be able to recall one or more instances of its beneficial operation. Few who have had a town parish cannot remember some aged person to whom Mr. Hetherington's bounty has proved most opportune; some sufferer whose personal comforts it has increased, whose table it has improved, and whose solitary hours it has soothed with many alleviations, which otherwise must have been foregone. One case I well recollect,—that of a lady by birth and education, who for some years was a partaker of the old clergyman's bounty. His memory was greatly prized by her; and she invariably asked every stranger who approached her where she "could get any account of

his life who had made *her* latter days so comfortable?" Her thoughts dwelt upon him to the last: an hour or two before she died, she asked me, with great earnestness, "do you think there is recognition in Heaven? If so, what joy it will give me to see and *thank* my kind benefactor, Mr. Hetherington!"

But his permanent annuity to Christ's Hospital of 100*l.* for undertaking the management of his charity, was not the only token of Mr. Hetherington's good will to that noble institution. During his lifetime he presented it with the sum of 200*l.*, on which he was elected a governor, and at his death bequeathed to it a legacy of 1000*l.*

But any sketch, however brief, of this true Samaritan, would be unjust, which did not notice this noble peculiarity in his character,—that as his means increased, so did the sphere of his benevolence widen; augmented income was with him the signal for fresh bounties.

He was considerably advanced in life when he succeeded to the property of his brother, Mr. Jeffery Hetherington. This gentleman had for some years before his death handed over annually to Bromley College the interest of 2000*l.*, to be applied every winter in furnishing its inmates, the widows of clergy, with coals and candles.

The moment his elder brother's death had made him master of his property, he began at once to deal with and *consecrate* it. He forthwith transferred to Bromley College the sum of 2000*l.* *in perpetuity*, with this single stipulation,—that the interest of his gift should, from time to time, be applied to augment

the pensions of the clergy widows resident within its walls.

This compassionate act is thus officially recorded:

"*June* 12*th*, 1771.—At a meeting of the trustees of Bromley College, holden in Lambeth Palace, 'The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury (Cornwallis) reported that the Rev. William Hetherington had purchased 2000*l.* in Old South Sea Annuities, in the names of Frederick Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Zachary Lord Bishop of Rochester, and Peter Burrell, Esq., and had executed, in conjunction with the said three trustees, a declaration of trust, bearing date September 19, 1770, that the dividends yearly arising from the said annuities may be paid to the widows of the college in equal shares.'

"Agreed—That the thanks of the trustees be given to the Rev. William Hetherington for his generous and well-judged benefaction; and that the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Pearce) be desired to signify the same to him."

With his public and avowed benefactions his private charities kept pace. In "Nichol's Anecdotes," the following instance of kindness to Mr. Jeremiah Markland, the well-known antiquary, is incidentally mentioned.

"I will explain to you a little business of late. Mr. Hetherington, one of our* fellows, now probably the richest clergyman in England, and formerly Mr. Markland's pupil at college, on hearing lately Mr. M.'s case, expressed a desire of assisting him. This was between the provost and Mr. Hetherington.

* Eton College.

The provost took from him for Mr. Markland 20*l.*; and that, with 20*l.* of his own, 20*l.* of mine, and 20*l.* advanced by Mr. Townsend, made up what Mr. Markland hath greatly obliged us by accepting. This concerning Mr. Hetherington is to *you*,* not to Mr. Markland, for obvious reasons."

His care for the parish of North Gray thus displayed itself. He built five almshouses in the parish; the occupants to be elected from the parishioners by the rector and churchwardens. He gave in addition, in 1777, the sum of 200*l.* to be invested in Old South Sea Annuities, for the repairs of the said almshouses, and of which sum the rector and churchwardens are trustees.

From the same generous donor came two acres of land, as glebe, for the purpose of building on it a rectory house; and also 300*l.* in aid of its erection. This was in 1770—the same year in which he presented a large Common Prayer Book for the use of the Church.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hetherington (a spinster sister) gave 100*l.* for the purpose of endowing a parish school to be held in the centre almshouse; and an additional 100*l.* towards the building of the rectory house.

Amidst all this there was a humility of language, a lowliness of spirit, a renunciation of merit truly indicative of the advanced Christian. Towards the close of life, one of his dependents ventured to remind him of the good he had done, and in particular ound about North Cray. He replied, with a tone

* Letter addressed by Dr. Forster to Mr. Bowyer, July 5, 1767

and gesture strongly indicative of dissent and disapproval,—"Savill, don't tell me of what I have done, but of what I might have done, and what I have left undone."

He died at North Cray in the last week of November, 1778. His will* is an extraordinary document, and fittingly illustrates his benevolent history. Under it, including the codicils, more than two hundred individuals received legacies of different amounts, from 10,000*l.*† to 20*l.* All from whom he had ever received attention or kindness,—all to whom he had ever been indebted for courtesy,—all with whom he had ever been connected, from his "much loved cousin the Hon. Thomas Coventry," down to "Mr. Ross, the clerk or shopman of his bankers,"—are borne in grateful recollection. His clerical friends —a wide circle—come in for tokens of his regard, and their *curates.* All with whom the events of life had ever linked him, and to whom he imagined a legacy would be acceptable, are remembered in the farewell act of this benevolent man. Nor is Eton forgotten. Its provost, its fellows, its old worn-out servants, come in for a share of his bounty. Never was wealth more widely dispersed.

"I desire to be buried at North Cray in Kent, in the same decent and *private* manner as my late brother, Jeffery Hetherington, was buried, attended by some of the gentlemen and clergy in the neighbourhood, to

* It bears date December 18, 1776: the first codicil was added August 21, 1778; and the last November 24, 1778, a few days before his death.

† The Earl of Coventry was a legatee to this amount.

whom I would have rings and every thing proper given at the funeral: and 20*l.* distributed among the poor of the parish; and to eight poor men, the bearers, I would have one guinea given to each. I give to my godchildren [whom he here mentions by name, and enumerates, twelve in number] 100*l.* apiece. I give to all my servants, both men and maid, a year's wages, and 20*l.* a piece to buy mourning. I give to my three old and faithful servants, Martha Markham, Mary Fuller, and John Savill, 1000*l.* a piece. I also give to each of them an annuity of 50*l.* a year, and I declare it payable to each, during their several and respective lives, by equal half yearly payments. I give to Mrs. Jane Lee, my housekeeper at North Cray, 1000*l.* I give to my servant Thomas Bentley, and to his wife Sarah Bentley, 500*l.* apiece, and to their children, 100*l.* apiece. I give to Elizabeth Croer my servant, 300*l.* I give to Joseph Singleton my coachman, and to Joshua Hamilton my groom, to Jonas Wisedell and William Fordice my present gardeners, and William Rose my late gardener, 100*l.* apiece. I give to my two young maids, Mary and Ann Markham, 50*l.* apiece. I give to Elizabeth Chapman and Mary Bentley, 200*l.* apiece. I give to Mr. Smith, *my curate at Farnham*, 500*l.* I give to the present Lord Bishop of Lincoln, to Dr. Barnard provost, and Mr. Bethem fellow, of Eton, and to Archdeacon Plumtree, 100*l.* apiece; and to Mr. Langton and Mr. Sprigg, farmers of Farnham, 50*l.* apiece. I give to Mr. Bedle my tenant at North Cray, 500*l.* I give to Ellen Banister my tenant there, 100*l.*

I give to the Rev. Mr. Moore, rector of North Cray, 500*l.*, and to Mr. Green, *his curate*, 200*l.* I give to Dr. Heberden my physician, 500*l.*; and to Mr. Langley my surgeon, and Mr. Penny my apothecary, over and above any bill which may be due from me, 100*l.* apiece. And I give 100 rings, of the value of one guinea each, to be distributed as my executors shall think proper. I give to Margaret Bradshaw, formerly servant to my brother, an annuity of 50*l.* a year for her life, in lieu of the 20*l.* a year which has been paid her, to be payable half yearly. I give to my bankers the two Messrs. Dennes, Snow, and Sanby, 100*l.* apiece, making together 400*l.* apiece, and to Mr. Ross *the clerk or shopman there*, 50*l.* I give to the president and governors of Christ's Hospital, commonly called the Blue Coat Hospital, 1000*l.*, for the benefit of the children of that hospital. I give the like sum of 1000*l.* to the governors of the charity for the relief of 'Poor Widows and Children of the Clergy.' I give to the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel, and to the governors of the charity for promoting Christian Knowledge, 500*l.* each. And I give to Dr. Addenbrook's hospital in Cambridge, and to St. Thomas's Hospital, London, of which I have been lately made a governor,—and to the Small Pox Hospital in Cold Both Fields, 500*l.* each. I give to the several parishes of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, North Cray in Kent, Farnham and Eton in Buckinghamshire, and Dry Drayton in Cambridgeshire, 100*l.* each, for the benefit of poor housekeepers; the same to be distributed by

the ministers of the several parishes among such as they shall think the most deserving objects."

Another and further codicil makes fresh provisions, and bestows further legacies:—

"I do make this a further codicil to my said will. I give to the Rev. Mr. Betham one of the fellows of Eton, 100*l.*, and to Dr. Roberts another of the said fellows, 100*l.* To the Rev. Mr. Moore of North Cray, 300*l.* To Mrs. Moore his wife, 100*l.* To the Rev. Mr. Green, *curate of Foots Gray*, 200*l.* To John Banyard my late coachman, 100*l.* To all my men servants and maid servants, 100*l.* apiece and one year's wages. I give to the present provost and fellows of Eton, 100*l.* apiece over and above what I have hereinbefore given to two of the said fellows. I give to the Rev. Dr. Cooke, provost of King's College, Cambridge, 100*l.;* and to William Smith, Samuel Smith, and Thomas Simons, *three old Eton College servants*, 20*l.* apiece. I give to Dr. Heberden my physician, 500*l.*, and to Mr. Langley my surgeon, and to Mr. Penny my apothecary, 500*l.* apiece. I give to Joseph Singleton my coachman, 200*l.;*—all which said legacies I do give to the several persons above named, over and above what I have given to them respectively by my said will and former codicil, or either of them; and subject to the same legacies, I do hereby ratify and confirm my said will and former codicil. In witness wherof, &c.

Signed, "WILLIAM HETHERINGTON."

He lies beneath a marble tomb in North Cray churchyard. His brother Jeffrey sleeps beside him. Over them are the following inscriptions, graven on opposite sides of their modest sepulchre.

HERE LIETH THE BODY
OF JEFFREY HETHERINGTON, ESQ.,
LATE OF NORTH CRAY PLACE, WHO DIED
17TH JUNE, 1767,
IN THE 78TH YEAR OF HIS AGE, BELOVED, HONOURED, AND
LAMENTED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM.
HE WAS AN HONEST, GOOD, MORAL MAN, AND
A SINCERE, VIRTUOUS, AND PIOUS CHRISTIAN.
IN THE SAME VAULT
ARE ALSO INTERRED THE REMAINS
OF HIS MOST AMIABLE AND MUNIFICENT BROTHER AND HEIR
THE REV. WILLIAM HETHERINGTON, M. A.
WHO DIED DEC. 1. 1778, AGED 80.
TO DO GOOD AND TO DISTRIBUTE WAS THE DELIGHT
OF HIS LIFE.
"By these, he, being dead, yet speaketh."

And now let us leave him to his honoured rest,—a subject for reflection and imitation. Of him who had succored the blind, befriended the young, remembered the sick, sheltered the aged, the memory should not perish in this work-day world. From his grave at North Cray let him whisper to the wealthy and the influential, and to all who wield the mighty weapon of means:—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."—"Be not slothful, but *followers*."

To the very last, his remembrance of Eton, and attachment to the scene of his early life, was vivid.

Neither age nor infirmity could loosen his tie to his college home.

Many are the accomplished scholars which that seminary of sound learning has given to the world. The statesman, the orator, the divine, the warrior, have been nurtured within her walls. Thence have gifted spirits gone forth to benefit and bless their kind. Eton may point to a long roll of worthies—the highly-gifted, the studious, the daring, and the successful; but of none may she be prouder than of him who used his wealth so nobly, and acquitted himself of his responsibilities so watchfully—the generous, gentle, and compassionate HETHERINGTON.

CHAPTER IV.

MORGAN JONES—THE MISER OF BLEWBURY.

THE thought has sometimes risen to my lips, after reading a piquant invective fulminated, *con amore*, against the clergy from a crowded platform—or on receiving some thundering tract in which the mildest term applied to them is that of "robbers of the public purse," "wholesale plunderers," "hypocrites from the womb,"—Well! Supposing these desperadoes, these irreclaimable malignants, were hurled from the position they occupy,—supposing that by some royal edict, or by a vote of the Legislature, the clergy, as a recognized body, ceased to exist,—with what class of men would you supply their place?

Could you easily get a body—without emolument—to transact such a mass of business for the state as the clergy transact cheerfully, continuously, and *gratuitously?* For, be it remembered, a large portion of every clergyman's time is engrossed by matters in which he has no personal interest,—which have not even a professional bearing, but which he grapples with and arranges for the convenience of the state.

Take as a sample this morning's work; and, in giving it, let me guard myself against the charge of vanity or presumption, by avowing my sincere conviction that thousands of my brethren are similarly

engaged elsewhere,—only far more effectually, laboriously, and successfully.

8. 30. A.M.—The post, with several letters. None of them relate to private and personal affairs. One, of very considerable bulk, is from a gentleman engaged in some topographical work under the sanction of Government, requesting statistics. He modestly proposes some thirty questions relative to the population of the parish; its acreage—antiquities—age of the oldest inhabitant—salubrity or insalubrity of position—nature of the soil—drainage—prevailing epidemics: and winds up by saying, that the subject is "one of national interest;" that some of the "leading men of the day" patronize his scheme; and that as to the details required, none can give them with so much propriety as the parochial clergyman, inasmuch as accuracy is indispensable. Another is from Mrs. ———, the secretary of a Female Emigration Committee. It relates to Anne ———, who is anxious to start for Australia, under the Society's auspices; and having been first a Sunday-school scholar and then a Sunday-school teacher under me in a former town cure, claims my testimony as fully acquainted with her conduct and character. The next is from Mr. Hall, commander of Her Majesty's revenue cutter, "Gossamer." It states, that a poor fellow of the name of Bear, has been accidentally drowned while heaving the lead: that he shipped himself as belonging to Kirton, in Suffolk, where it is imagined his parents reside; that it is hoped and requested I will find out his friends; inform them of his death; apprise them that the poor fellow has

twelve shillings arrears of pay due to him; that all his clothes are safe, have been carefully collected together, and placed on board "the Ocean," off Sheerness.—A painful task to search out the poor mother, announce her loss, and put matters in train for recovering the clothes and pay of her son! Ere this could be arranged, it came out that the deceased had for years subscribed to the "Shipwrecked Seaman's Society" in London. A question then arose whether (the sailor being unmarried) his parents had been wholly or partially supported by him, and were thus entitled to any *largesse* from the Society's funds. The decision was at first against us. But perseverance won the day. On the whole, the parent society in London showed a liberal and compassionate spirit. But—I am here somewhat anticipating matters—previous to the clothes and pay being recovered, and the grant from the Shipwrecked Sailors' Fund secured, and *paid* to *Bear's* parents, twenty letters, at least, were written,—each and all, of course, by the clergyman.

11. 30. A.M.—A visitor, Mary ——, with a request that "a letter might go that very night" to the War Office, with inquiries about her son Jack, a private in Her Majesty's 40th regiment; the said Jack being then stationed with his battalion in New Zealand. She "was miserable;" she "was thoroughly distracted;" she "had not been able to eat, drink, or sleep for the last fortnight;" she "was *ungain* upon all points;" and if her mind "could not be relieved, she should do something rash—that she should!" She "had heard, and felt 'wholly stammed' when a neighbor told her that there had been a bloody battle

fought in New Zealand, where her dear Jack was: and that those ranny-bulls, the New Zealanders, had got the day: but that, not content with that, they had fried and eaten several of the soldiers whom they had nabbed as prisoners. And oh, if her dear Jack should be one! If he was killed, that was a great misfortune; but it was appointed, and must be borne; but to be cut up and fried —— That it was of no use *her* pretending to write to the War Office, inasmuch as she couldn't write—only read—and that but a very little—if the print was uncommon large, and the words nice and short. Nor was it any use her husband busying himself with the Queen's gentlemen up in Lunnon, seeing *he* could neither read nor write—worse job for him! Would *I* write? If the parson would but write, he would put 'em to their trumps. Those folks in Lunnon were bound to attend to *he!* Would I write, and to-night?" A letter determined on, and then and there written, relative to private Jack—in New Zealand, his existence and well being.

This arranged, the morning was gone. Had it been passed idly or uselessly?

But not only are the clergy indolent and apathetic; they are, say our opponents, overrun with greed—they grasp all and they keep all. Not so;—any subscription list will prove the contrary. Take the printed summary of donors to a charity, a hospital, an alms-house: how do the names and amounts run? Somewhat after this fashion:—Sir Charles Freeland, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Lady Hopewell, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Viscountess Claremont, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Colonel Sir George Dashwood, 1*l.* 1*s.*;

followed by Rev. H. Glebeless, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Rev. Frank Littlecure, 1*l.* 1*s.*; Rev. James Strive, 1*l.* 1*s.* But Sir Charles has a landed estate of some 3000*l.* per annum, and Lady Hopewell has her dower house and a jointure of 1200*l.*; the viscountess rolls in wealth, and Sir George has a regiment, and is, moreover, a large fundholder. The donations are of the same amount; but how stands the respective incomes? Mr. Glebeless, Mr. Littlecure, and Mr. Strive fight "the battle of life" on benefices under 200*l.* per annum;—Sir George, and her ladyship, and the viscountess, and the colonel, on means ample and well secured. They give "of their abundance;" the others, out of a mere pittance—a bare sufficiency—"even all their living."

It is true there are exceptions: so large a body will have members who do not act up to their professions; and Mr. Jones, of Blewbury, was one! This reverend gentleman held the curacy of Blewbury for five-and-forty years. His stipend at no period of his professional career exceeded thirty guineas per annum; and yet, by habits of parsimony which would sustain comparison with those even of the celebrated Elwes, he left behind him, in 1827, fifteen thousand pounds. Those who remember him in his ministerial capacity, describe him as a man of good natural powers, and by no means deficient in scholarship. It admits of proof that, in early life, he was deceived by a party whom he had essentially served. Thenceforth he distrusted all the world; and, throughout his subsequent career, attached the most overweening and undue importance to money.

The death of a relative made him owner of a little property which produced 30*l.* per annum. This, with his stipend and the interest of his savings for the previous year, he regularly invested in the funds. His surplice fees, as curate, amounted, on an average, to half-a-crown a-week: upon this he contrived to live. Sometimes, indeed, so successful was he in the management of this pittance, he made it yield him the surplus of a few pence at the week's end. He kept no servant, allowed no "womankind" to clean his rooms, or to assist him in any of his domestic arrangements. He was himself his whole retinue—discharged the duties of housemaid, chambermaid, and cook, and officiated as his own washerwoman and tailor.

In appearance he was a walking scarecrow: the hat which hung upon his head, and the rags which he wore upon his back, were enough to frighten all the birds in the neighbourhood. The same hat and coat had served him during the entire forty-five years that he lived at Blewbury: as specimens of industry and curious stitching, they were wondrous articles of wearing apparel. The brim of his hat, on the left side, was, by dint of constant handling, entirely worn away. Crossing the fields one morning from Compton, he had the good fortune to espy an old hat stuck upon a pole in a corn field to frighten away the birds. The prize was immediately captured and despoiled; the brim Mr. Jones immediately tore away, and joyfully appended it to his own hat, sewing it on carefully with a piece of twine. It may be doubted, after all, whether the addition was an improvement;

for the new brim was a jet black, whilst the old weather-beaten crown was of a most dingy brown. His coat might be pronounced a miracle of art, from the variety of its colors and the multiplicity of its patches: there never was a coat so twisted and turned, so doctored and repaired, so altered in its fashion, or so metamorphosed in its shape, as the coat of the penurious Mr. Jones: pity that it could not have written its own history!—it would have taught those who wish to make a surtout do double duty how to effect their purpose. When the miser first came to Blewbury, it was then the worse for wear; and, after some considerable time, when it had become threadbare and of a russet hue, he had it turned inside out, and converted it into a dress-coat. Ere long the napless garment became dangerously thin, and subject to incessant rents, which kept the needle of its anxious owner continually employed. *His* needle it were wrong to call it: the practice of the thrifty curate was to borrow needle and thread, on these trying occasions, of the neighboring farmers, since to have sunk his own capital in the purchase of such articles would have been the height of inexcusable extravagance. But, at length, despite of the most diligent care and curious patching, pieces fell out and were lost. To repair these dilapidations, the vigilant owner cut fragments off the tail, and sewed them in neatly himself. At last, this expedient of robbing one part to repair another became so frequent, and the tails were so clipped and shorn of their original dimensions, that the coat became a jacket; and so much mirthful comment did

this tailless garment excite, old crones used to regard it as the *ne plus ultra* of ingenious patching, and mystics spoke of it as a legacy from Bamfylde Moore Carew—that the owner was reluctantly compelled to refrain from wearing it when he appeared professionally before his flock.

Public raillery could effect this—and no more. The mutilated Benjamin was still carefully cherished, and constantly decorated the owner's lank person when at home.

In other articles of his apparel the cleric was equally parsimonious. He had several dozen new shirts, neatly folded up, and imprisoned within locked drawers; but, with the exception of one solitary shirt, they were never allowed to part company. When he had it washed, which was quarterly, he dispensed with the use of a shirt altogether,—a mode of procedure he could far more easily reconcile to his mind than the costly alternative of taking a new one into wear.

In his diet Mr. Jones was as singular and as penurious as in his dress. On a Saturday he purchased the food which was to last him during the ensuing week, and cooked all his provisions on the Sunday. His meals were never varied, and he never purchased but three articles, bread, bacon, and tea, which he used to characterize as "two necessaries" and "one luxury." This was, invariably, his diet the whole year round. If his bread became dry, or his bacon rusty, it mattered not. In fact, he willingly inflicted on himself the penance of distasteful food, because it was a decided saving. Such nutriment

lasted longer, and went further. It was always his aim to make one week's allowance, if possible, suffice for two. This he would sometimes manage by dining gratuitously with a neighbour. It was remarked, that, although he was frequently entertained by his parishioners, only one person during ten long years had been known to have sat down at his table. This was a particular friend; and all the good cheer he obtained, after infinite trouble and importunity, was a crust of bread.

In truth, the miser's larder never contained any thing but bread, and a piece of unsavoury bacon. Meat, sugar, coffee, cheese, milk—were regarded as costly and contraband superfluities, and never passed his threshold. And yet the curate of Blewbury required no pressing, when there was an opportunity of partaking of such "luxuries" *gratuitously* elsewhere. His common beverage was water. At breakfast and supper he indulged in a cup of weak tea, devoid of milk or sugar.

But, amidst all this self-denial, his palate had its preferences.

Few relished a glass of ale more heartily than the Blewbury minister; and yet he never spent but a single sixpence in that liquor during the whole time that he held the cure. The farmers would occasionally treat him to a glass, which in the earlier part of his career he would never refuse. But about ten years before his death, being invited to a rustic wedding, he drank so freely of strong ale, exhibited so many grimaces, and perpetrated such unaccountable tricks, as to become the subject of village com-

ment for very many days afterwards,—an annoyance which so harassed and humbled him, that he made a vow, and kept it, never again to indulge, to his life's end, in stronger beverage than tea.

Advancing years brought with them no relaxation in his habits. However severe the weather, he never lit a fire, except on a Sunday, for the purpose of cooking his bacon, and brewing his tea. This fire was usually composed of sticks and rubbish, which he was often seen busily collecting in the churchyard. He never could persuade himself to be guilty of the extravagance of using coal, although he had a shed, at the back of his house, full of that article. During the bitter, pinching evenings of mid-winter, he would piteously beg for a seat by the cheerful fire of a neighbour; and, after warming his shivering limbs, return, and immediately hurry to bed in order to retain the warmth.

He delighted in fully carrying out the formula attendant on that now obsolete proceeding, Church briefs. He never failed to read them during divine service, and afterwards, as directed by law, was diligent in collecting from house to house. This, by his management, was rendered a very lengthened and elaborate proceeding; for he always took care so to time his visit as to reach the farm house he intended laying under tribute within a few minutes of the dinner hour. Many a good meal have Church briefs been the vehicle of procuring him. He might well hail their arrival with a chuckle, and call them "glorious things."

When sermons were preached from almost every

pulpit in the land, and a national subscription made for the widows and orphans of those who fell at Waterloo, the miser preached a very stirring and effective sermon at Blewbury, which was heard with considerable emotion. The following morning the collectors called on him. He told them their visit was superfluous; he had already given, and given well—they had his sermon for the cause. They pressed him. He laid down half-a-crown—another half hour's urgency produced a second;—and at the end of an hour and a half's remonstrance and entreaty he tendered—with a convulsive sigh, as if it was his heart's blood—a third. The collectors then pressed him to make up his donation to half-a-guinea; when he rose in agony from his seat, expelled them forcily from his house, and forbade them ever again to set foot upon his premises.

His coat, slippers, neckerchief, inkstand, and pen, are still in existence. I have seen them. No beggar on the high road would own them. They are positively wondrous. That they ever should have been worn or owned by a clergyman seems past belief. But, after all, the most amusing evidence of his penuriousness is afforded by his sermons. These are carefully preserved in a large box at Mr. Job Lozely's, of Hampstead Norris, where I was permitted to inspect them. They are written on scraps of brown paper, sand paper, blue paper, grey paper, old proclamations, posting bills, play bills, tax papers, and old permits. They are written backwards, forwards, zigzag,—are, as the sempstresses would say, "herring-boned,"—and are crossed and

interlined in every direction. Some are headed with no less than six different texts, and appear to have been preached in villages out of number. In the very heart of a funeral sermon occurs a long and curious letter from the Rev. Mr. Keeble, father of the well known poet, relative to some parish matters at Blewbury.—Mr. Jones was curate to Mr. Keeble senior.—Within this letter is the pith of Mr. Jones's discourse. It is written over in every direction. Strange to find among these sermons, which bore such palpable testimony to the penuriousness of the writer, a letter from his bankers, Messrs. Child, dated April 4th, 1804, in which they acquaint him that they have credited his account with 56*l.* 10*s.* just received, and that the stock then standing in his name runs thus:—2200*l.* consolidated 3 per cents., annual interest 66*l.*; 1200*l.* consolidated 4 per cents., annual interest 48*l.*

When by age and infirmity disabled from duty, his kind and disinterested friend Mr. Lozely suggested that he should write and urge a distant relative in Wales to come and take charge of him. He had himself more than once expressed a wish to return and end his days at Llandovery, saying, "the hunted stag would fain return to die where he was first roused." His relative was written to, and arrived. When she saw the poor abject looking old man—the hovel in which he dwelt—the miserable furniture which occupied it—the squalor, poverty, and misery which encompassed him—she manifestly repented of her project, changed her tack, and remarked, that "Llandovery was a great distance off;

that the journey was very expensive; that old people were with difficulty moved; that where the tree fell, there it had best lie; that it didn't signify much where one was buried," &c. &c. &c. The prudent Welshwoman was for beating a retreat, and *alone*. At last, catching Mr. Lozely's eye, she beckoned him aside, and said, sharply and earnestly, "What do you think the old man is worth?" "Full fourteen thousand pounds," was the reply. She jumped, at a bound, to her feet.—"We'll return to Llandovery by to-morrow's light," was her instant determination.

Her kinsman accompanied her, and soon after reaching Llandovery made his will. It was brief, and gave the Welshwoman and her son all he possessed. Not long afterwards, death, that inexorable creditor, claimed him. He died as he had lived, isolated and comfortless.

Who shall say what feelings crowded on him at that solemn hour! Was he at length convinced of the impotency of wealth? Did the recollections of a stewardship thoroughly evaded and deliberately useless, sting him? and the verse—often in the sanctuary must he have read it!—recur with new and crushing force: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then *whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?*"

Vainly does one seek for testimony on which to found a satisfactory reply. No bystander can supply it. In death, as in life, he was solitary.

Existence to him must have been barren of enjoyment. He had forsworn every comfort, and

denied himself most of the necessaries of life; had separated himself from his brethren, and scorned the claims of his kind; was deaf to the cry of the desolate and the perishing: while the injunction, be "ready to give, and glad to distribute," sounded at the Holy Table like mockery from his lips. To known, plain, positive, palpable duties he gave a life-long defiance; and for what? That he might leave thousands to relatives whom for fifty years he had never seen, who would riot over his hoards, quickly disperse his treasures, make a jest of his habits, and loathe his memory.

The delusion is now over. He is awaiting the final award. What will it be in reference to that man whose conscience must tell him,—Thou hast lived for *thyself alone!*

CHAPTER V.

THOMAS BETTON.

"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them."

'AS worthy Dr. Donne right or wrong when he ıid that "a good deed never wholly failed of its ɔject; in one form or other it commanded a lessing?"

It would seem so; and, in support of that conusion, observe how a bequest originally intended ı redeem slaves in Barbary is eventually made to ɔeed the great cause of education in England.

They who hold, with Coleridge, that "trade ɾamps the mind, and makes the entire life one laborate calculation about profit and loss," will find ıeir theory rebuked in the person of the philanthroist Betton. He was of humble origin; born about ıe year 1691; was throughout his career connected ith shipping; but by inheritance was a freeman of ıe Ironmongers' Company. The expectation of a ery profitable venture induced him to go as supercargo on board one of his own vessels, bound for a istant port in our eastern possessions. The bark 'as captured by the Algerines, pillaged, and her rew sold into slavery. Among the victims was 'etton. Years elapsed—long, bitter, toilsome, aparently interminable years—during which captivity

in all its horrors was endured by him. Unable to communicate with his friends in Britain, ransom was impracticable. He had no means of procuring it. Equally unable was he to work out his freedom. Accident at length enabled him to effect his escape; and, after a perilous voyage, he succeeded in reaching England.

Penetrated with a grateful sense of his own deliverance, and deeply commiserating their pitiable case who still groaned under the yoke of bondage, he resolved, should God prosper him, that this should be his task—to accumulate a fund which should be specially devoted to this definite purpose—the liberation of Christians enslaved in Barbary.

His determination was put to the test. That absolute Sovereign who controls the destinies of all —who cheers with prosperity or depresses with adversity—speeded to a prosperous issue his commercial speculations, and bestowed upon him wealth. It failed to elate him. He remained, as in the day of humbler fortunes, forbearing, compassionate, and considerate.

He was accustomed to say to the hasty, harsh, or perhaps justly incensed creditor—strangely must that counsel have sounded at a time when imprisonment for debt was the rule, not the exception!—"Have a care. Don't deprive your fellow-being lightly of his liberty. In *jail air* none thrive. Think this over again—in your closet—when you are alone with God. You don't know what captivity is. *I do.* Think! Think!"

And as surely as a Christmas festival drew on, so surely did he free some unfortunate debtor.

In truth this compassionate, generous, and considerate spirit gave its tone to every action of his life.

In the Memoirs of Dr. Radcliffe there is this mention made of him:—

Mr. Betton—he then lived at Bow, near Stratford—was suffering under a complication of disorders; and, though he was attended by several physicians, his life was despaired of. At this crisis a friend suggested that Dr. Radcliffe should be sent for. He came, and after two visits brought the wealthy merchant about; on which the sick man desired him to "omit no opportunity of coming to him, for that he should, in consideration of the great benefit he had received, be glad to give 5*l.* 5*s.* every day till his recovery was completed." To this Radcliffe answered,—"Mr. Betton, the generosity of your temper is so engaging, that I must in return invite you to come and drink a cup of coffee with me at Garraway's this day fortnight; for, notwithstanding you have been very ill dealt with, follow but the prescriptions I shall leave you till that time, and you will be as sound a man as ever you was in your life, *without one fee more!*"

In 1724 he yielded to the common law of nature, and was buried in the cemetery of the almshouses belonging to the Ironmongers' Company in the Kingsland Road. His tomb bears this brief and modest inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS BETTON, ESQ.,
A MEMBER OF THE COURT OF THE
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF IRONMONGERS, LONDON,
AND A MUNIFICENT BENEFACTOR TO THAT
CORPORATION.
DIED DECEMBER 6, 1724.

His will is characteristic of himself. It carries out the purpose which he had aimed at through life, and evinces in death the feeling of attachment which he had cherished, when alive, to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England.

The document bears date February, 1723; and in it he is described as Mr. Thomas Betton, of Hoxton Square. He gives the residue of his property to the Ironmongers' Company in trust to pay *half* the interest of the *whole*, yearly, for ever, to the redemption of British slaves in Turkey or Barbary; one fourth to Charity Schools in the City and suburbs where the education is according to the Church of England, in which number that in the parish of Shoreditch, where he resided, to be always included, and not giving any one above 20*l.* per annum; and out of the remaining one fourth to pay 10*l.* per annum to the Chaplain of their Almshouses, and the rest to necessitated decayed freemen of the Company, their widows and children, not exceeding 10*l.* a year to any family; reserving sufficient to keep his tomb in the burial-ground at the almshouses in sufficient repair.

The spread of civilization,—the cession of territory resulting from various concurrent conquests,—

and last, not least, the taking of Algiers, left no Christian slaves to redeem; and thus the leading provision of the generous citizen's will became inoperative. The funds, so humanely bequeathed, accumulated to an amount exceeding 100,000*l.*; and the trustees—the Ironmongers' Company—applied to the Court of Chancery for instructions as to its disposal. The Chancellor decided that the interest of the original sum bequeathed, and of its subsequent accumulations,—no longer available for the rescue of Christians from bodily slavery,—should be devoted to the removal of ignorance,—which may without exaggeration be called—mental slavery. His Lordship ruled that such sum should be distributed in amounts not exceeding 20*l.* each among schools in England and Wales where *the education of the children is according to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England*;—such schools having the preference where clothing or food is given to the children as well as instruction.

The boon which such a well-considered decision has proved to many a parish, it is difficult to overestimate. None know the labour, the vexation, the risk, the broken promises, the oft-repeated refusal attendant on starting and keeping up a school, so well as the parochial clergyman. In these matters the *minor* difficulty is to raise the sum necessary to build a school; the *major* difficulty is to maintain it when built, and to provide funds for keeping it in operation. And this specially applies to schools in agricultural districts. The farmer, when he has paid his tithe rent and poor's rates, regards himself as a

most meritorous being,—thinks he has done all that in the sight of God or man can possibly be required of him. In matters of charity he is a sluggish animal. These he holds to be exclusively the province of the clergyman. As to pecuniary aid where the children of his own labourers are concerned,—as to helping to educate them, or to clothe them, or to civilize them,—you might as well look for honey out of the limestone rock, or new milk from sawdust.

The grant, then, of 20*l.** per annum, to daily schools in England and Wales conducted on Church principles, has been a *god-send* to *some* HUNDREDS of parishes, and a relief welcome in the extreme to many an anxious, struggling, and careworn clergyman.

Fitter place of sepulture for the munificent citizen than the burial-ground of the almshouses which his bounty so nobly aided,† could not well be found!

Those whom he so wisely constituted his almoners,‡

* 5*l.* is the *minimum* sum; 20*l.* the *maximum* paid yearly.

† The Rev. Edward Whitley, chaplain to the Institution, has been kind enough thus to write me:—"The founder of the almshouses under my care was Sir Robert Geffery, who, in 1705, left money to build and endow them for *forty-three* poor persons, who each receive a sum not exceeding 12*l.* per annum. About half of these are not free of the Company, and therefore do not enjoy Mr. Betton's charity. Mr. Betton's gift, 6*l.* per annum, only applies to persons free of the Company. The number of these varies from time to time; but the average is about half. The houses generally have four inmates in each. They have coals allowed them in addition to their money payment. I can *testify to the comfort* that many a poor widow enjoys in our almshouses."

‡ The Ironmongers' Company.

watch over his wealth with untiring and disinterested vigilance. Few representatives more faithful to their trust! The poor freemen of the Company, their widows and children, have reason to revere his memory: since of the former the evening of life is cheered, and from the latter want is warded off in a bitter hour, by the old merchant's considerate care.

The spiritual wants of the aged inmates are supplied, and their downward passage to the tomb soothed and brightened, by succor which their thoughtful benefactor took care they should possess in the holy ministrations of a clergyman supplied by himself: while the school of his own parish—Shoreditch,—in which he resided, took great interest, and of which his will makes special mention,—is steadily carying out its beneficial purpose. This is well. But is it all? No: the measure of usefulness which this benevolent man's wealth has effected and is effecting, takes *now* a far wider scope. Thousands of poor children are benefited by his bounty. Schools in rural, impoverished, and isolated parishes may be reckoned up not by tens and twenties, but by hundreds,* which are mainly upheld by the good churchman's bounty,—schools, be it remembered, which are conducted *according to the principles of the Church of England.*

Benevolent and considerate old man! In the solemn and final gathering, when the "Great Householder" shall come and reckon with his servants,—when the owner of the ten, and of the five, and of the single talent, shall severally have to answer for

* The number of schools aided amounts to 867.

their trust,—when so many shall writhe under the disclosures of wealth abused; wealth unimproved; wealth prostituted to the vilest purposes; wealth profusely and systematically employed to corrupt others; wealth made subservient to intemperance, avarice, lust, ambition,—in that day of stern and solemn reckoning—that day fraught with inexorable justice and irreversible awards,—how many will "rise up and call thee blessed!"

CHAPTER VI.

CAVENDISH—THE PHILOSOPHER.

In submitting the Report of the Officers and Clerks' Committee to the Corporation of the City of London, with reference to the rectory of St. James, Duke's Place, Aldgate, in the patronage of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the Chairman stated that it was the recommendation of such Committee that an allowance of 150*l.* per annum be made to the minister for his maintenance.

It appeared that 38*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* formed the main basis of the minister's present income; that there were in the parish 160 houses, 100 of which were occupied by members of the Jewish persuasion; while a very large portion of those who inhabited the remaining sixty belonged to different dissenting communities. Very few of the parishioners attended the church; and most of those who did were the sons, daughters, and servants of parishioners—parties who, in a pecuniary point of view, could not support a minister.

Alderman Lawrence ridiculed the idea of a clergyman appointed to *a rectory with* 38*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *attached to it, being in* PECUNIARY DIFFICULTY!!! Plenty of money was made in other places by evening lectures, and in other ways; and not the slightest doubt remained but that the party to be

appointed to St. James's, Duke's Place, would do the same.

So spoke the *Christian!* To *him* was this well-earned and admirably-delivered rebuke administered by THE JEW.

Mr. B. S. Phillips remarked, that, although he was a member of the Jewish persuasion, he would support the motion for the annual allowance of 150*l.* to the minister; and he would ask gentlemen of the Protestant Church, whether it was consistent in them to have one of the highest and holiest offices in their Church filled by a clergyman for the extraordinary stipend of 38*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum? What! Would they give to a gentleman of University education and refined feeling,—a man whom they ought to imagine, from his principles and sacred calling, to be proof against all temptation,—would they give such a man a smaller pittance than that awarded to the porter who swept the floor of that hall?

The motion was carried, mainly by the spirited intervention of the Jew.

In the wake of Mr. Alderman Lawrence follows Sir Benjamin Hall. He would have the clergy "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—would place them on pauper allowance—and, having stripped them of their incomes, would be the very first to inveigh against them for want of sympathy with their flock, and for "niggardly contributions" to the cause of charity.

Many astute critics on clergy incomes are apt enough to say, "Deliver the tale of brick as heretofore;" forgetting that the same unerring book of

guidance, on which they found their remark, contains also the declaration—"they which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar;" "they which preach the Gospel, should live of the Gospel."

To the remedying of what evils are ample means and benevolent impulses unequal? What changes for the better will not gold and forethought effect?

"Remember," said an old church dignitary—himself a model of practical piety—to an argumentative and philosophising curate who delighted to contradict him, and who, he vowed, would eventually kill him—"Remember that the beings who surround you are *men*, not angels; and don't expatiate on the certainty of the resurrection and the 'fulness of joy' in Heaven to a shivering wretch whose tattered garments scarce protect him from the weather, and whose haggard countenance tells you he is starving. First appease the cravings of the belly; and then minister, if you will, to the aspirations of the soul."

How often are the clergy asked for *counsel*, when the best reply would be,—"Here's a five pound note, and there's another for you this day fortnight!"

How frequently is our *opinion* requested, when the most availing rejoinder would be,—"Now I'm master of the entire chain of circumstances—I see it all—your thoughtless son has got into a difficulty, and you—motherlike—are about to sacrifice to his necessities your scanty pittance. This must not be. I will help him out of this scrape: woe betide him if he be inveigled into another!"

Seeing the amount of suffering which exists around

us,—I allude not to open, mendicant, clamorous suffering; but to sorrow which shrinks from observation; to sorrow which has seen better days; to sorrow which is to be sought out, sympathized with, consoled, relieved—noting all this, and the extent to which human suffering can be mitigated by opportune aid, —we are lost in amazement when characters are presented to us like that of the opulent, selfish, passionless, miserly man of science!

Henry Cavendish, the philosopher, was born at Nice, October 10, 1731. His father was Lord Charles Cavendish, third son of the second Duke of Devonshire; his mother was Lady Ann Grey, fourth daughter of Henry Duke of Kent. Her ladyship was in precarious health when her eldest child Henry was born, and died when he was little more than two years old.

In 1742, the future *savant* formed one of Dr. Newcombe's pupils at Hackney school,—a seminary of note in its day, and cordially patronized by the upper classes. Under the care of Dr. Newcombe, who was a sound classical scholar and strict disciplinarian, Cavendish remained till 1749.

From school—he was now eighteen—Cavendish passed at once to the University. He commenced residence at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, on the 24th of November, 1749; and continued it very regularly and constantly till the 23d of February, 1753, when he left without taking his degree. Why, has never yet been explained; but the general received opinion was, that he objected to the stringent religious tests then in force in the University.

On quitting Cambridge it is *conjectured* that Cavendish took up his residence in the metropolis. No statement beyond surmise can be hazarded on the point; since—strange to say of one so eminent during the next ten years—no particulars have come down of his personal history.

In 1760 he joined the Royal Society; and in 1766 contributed, for the first time, to its Transactions. His paper was "*On Factitious Airs.*"

Whether this absence of all record respecting him for so many years may be traced to his morbid shyness and aversion to his kind,—or to the scientific pursuits by which he was engrossed, and for which seclusion was most favorable,—or to the involuntary obscurity and habits of thrift to which his scanty income doomed him,* is matter of idle inquiry. Enough to say, that, till he was forty, the whole sum allowed him by Lord Charles was 120*l.* per annum; that for the first forty years of his life he lived in penury; and for the last thirty nine was enormously wealthy.

The year 1783 was an important epoch in the philosopher's life. It was that in which he gave to the world one of his important discoveries—the "Composition of Water."

Into the controversy which has arisen on the point, "who is really entitled to the merit of having dis-

* For some years Cavendish attended the dinner club of the Royal Society. He had only the five shillings in his pocket to pay for the dinner—not a penny more. Lord Charles allowed him to attend, and gave him *the exact five shillings* to pay for the dinner.

covered the composition of water," it is foreign to my purpose to enter. Whether it belong to Watt, or Lavoisier, or Cavendish, is a mooted question, which may well be left to abler heads than mine to settle. Assuming, however, for brevity's sake, that the discovery so long associated with Henry Cavendish's name rightfully belonged to it; that he was no plagiarist; and that the charge against him of having learned the composition of water, not by experiments of his own, but by obtaining sight of a letter from Watt to Priestley, is wholly unsupported by evidence,—it may be stated once for all, that the experiments connected with this discovery were made by him, in the summer of 1781; their results announced in 1783; and that the public reading of his paper, embodying his discovery, took place before the Royal Society early in the January following.

In other points the year referred to was also memorable. It witnessed the death of his father and brother, and brought to Cavendish an immense accession of wealth. But, previous to this event, an uncle who had served in a military capacity in India, and had there amassed a large fortune, made his scientific relative his heir, and left him the whole.* He thus became, as M. Biot wittily expresses it, "le plus riche de tous les savans, et probablement aussi le plus savant de tous les riches."

How he slumbered over the mighty trust reposed in him, may be gathered from the following statement. The writer is Sir Humphrey Davy.

"Cavendish was enormously rich, but made no

* Cuvier.

use of his wealth. He gave me once some bits of platinum for my experiments, and came to see my results on the decomposition of the alkalis, and seemed to take an interest in them; but he encouraged no intimacy with any one. . . . . He lived latterly the life of a solitary."

Another and most competent witness gives this testimony respecting him:—

"The last time I* saw Cavendish was at the Royal Institution, in the apartments of Sir Humphrey (then Mr.) Davy. It was just before the subscription was entered into for the extended voltaic battery; and upon Davy expressing regret that he feared he should not obtain sufficient for the object, he (Cavendish) joined most truly in deploring the want of liberality in the patrons of science to carry it into effect. He did not seem to think he was called upon to take any active step to forward the desired object."

Not "*called upon to take any active step!*" He who must have been at that very time—if the following statement have a syllable of truth in it—one of the richest men in England; and whom if anything on this earth could rouse, it was chemistry!

"His bankers, in looking over their affairs, found that he had a considerable sum in their hands, approaching to 80,000*l.*; and one of them remarked that he did not think it right that it should so lay without investment. He was therefore commissioned to wait upon their wealthy customer at Clapham. On reaching the house, he desired to speak to Mr.

* W. Hasoledine Pepys, Esq.

Cavendish. The servant said, 'What is your business with him?' 'He did not choose to tell the servant.' The servant then said, 'You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know.' In a quarter of an hour the bell rang; and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place.

"'Sir, there is a person below who wants to speak to you.'

"'Who is he? Who is he? What does he want with me?'

"'He says he is your banker, and must speak to you.'

"Mr Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up; and before he entered the room cries, 'What do you come here for? What do you want with me?'

"'Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance of yours in hand, and wish for your orders respecting it.'

"'If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me.'

"'Not the least trouble to us, sir,—not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.'

"'Well! Well! What do you want to do?'

"'Perhaps you would like to have 40,000*l.* invested?'

"'Do so! Do so!—and don't come here and trouble me, or I will remove it.'"

But, though neither charitable nor generous, he was probably hospitable, and not averse, under his

own roof, to see and render others happy? No!—not the slightest regard for the comfort and enjoyment of his fellows, appears to have leavened the innate selfishness of his nature.

We are told that his few guests were treated, on all occasions to the same fare. If any one dined with the philosopher, he invariably gave them a leg of mutton, and nothing else. On one occasion three or four scientific men were to dine with him; and when his housekeeper came to ask what was to be got for dinner, he said, "A leg of mutton!" "Sir, that will not be enough for five!" "Well then get *two*," was the reply.

In personal appearance he was a misanthrope, and in habits a misogynist. His contemporaries maintained that he had a positive dislike to women. One authority states, that Cavendish would never see a female servant; and if an unfortunate maid ever showed herself, she was immediately dismissed.

Lord Brougham tells us, that "Cavendish ordered his dinner daily by a note which he left at a certain hour on the hall table, where the housekeeper was to take it; for he held no communication with his female domestics from his morbid shyness."

At one time he was in the habit of walking in the neighborhood of Clapham, with methodical accuracy, at a particular hour of the day. Two ladies, who watched his movements, and had observed the punctuality at which he reached the same spot at the same hour every day, took a gentleman with them on one occasion to catch a sight of the philosopher. "He was in the act of

getting over a stile when he saw, to his horror, that he was watched." He never appeared in that road again, and his walks in future were taken in the evening.

His favourite, and indeed his only, walk at Clapham, was down Nightingale Lane, nearly opposite his house, from Clapham Common to Wandsworth Common, and so round the road back to his own dwelling. This walk he always took at twilight; was never known in the course of it to speak to any one, or to touch his hat to any one who took off his. Apparently he shrunk from and disdained his kind.

His heir, Lord George Cavendish called on him once a year, and remained only half an hour at each visit. Towards those not of his own blood he was still more frigid and indifferent. The only one whom he admitted to daily intercourse with him, and that but for a few years, was Blagden*; and he finally became estranged from him. No cause for the dissolution of their connexion was assigned, but simply, "the union did not suit."

It harmonizes with all we know of the philosopher, that sparing intercourse took place between him and his only brother Frederick—a cheerful, generous, warm-hearted man. They met but seldom: and there exists no record of Henry ever having exhibited, on any occasion, fraternal affection for so near a relative. One trait referring to them is too good to be omitted.

The brothers in early life were travelling in France. On reaching Calais, they stopped at a

* See p. 88.

iotel, and, in retiring for the night, passed a room, he door of which was left open, and they saw, in ıassing, a dead body laid out for burial. Nothing ras said at the time; but next day the following olloquy took place between the brothers as they ıursued their route to Paris. Frederick breaks the ilence by inquiring—"*Did you see the corpse?*"

Henry thus limits his reply—"*I did!*"

Not another syllable!

"The feast of Reason and the flow of Soul!"

In 1783 Cavendish settled upon Dr.—afterwards Sir Charles—Blagden, who abandoned his profession to devote himself to Cavendish's chemical experiments, an annuity of 500*l*. Blagden was for some years Cavendish's assistant in his scientific investigations, and acted also as his amanuensis.

In 1785 Cavendish paid a visit to his great rival, Watt, at Birmingham. The meeting was a friendly one. Blagden accompanied him. And any feelings of alienation which had been reciprocally entertained by these lovers of science, whilst strangers, were exchanged for mutual respect when they met.

In 1789 a formal and final parting took place between Cavendish and Blagden.

On March 25th, 1803, the former was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the French Institute.

The following incident—would that there were more such on record!—shows that, in one instance, he was roused to act promptly and kindly.

At one time Mr. Cavendish had a large library in

London, which was badly arranged. A proposal was made to him to allow a gentleman, who was not very well off, to reside in the house, as, being a clever man, he would in return arrange the books, and render the library more useful for consultation,—an arrangement to which Mr. Cavendish freely consented. After this gentleman had resided there a considerable time, and had succeeded in classing the books, he retired into the country. Mr. Cavendish dining one day at the Royal Society Club, some person present mentioned this gentleman's name; upon which Mr. Cavendish said, "Ah! poor fellow: how does he do? How does he get on?" "I fear very indifferently," was the reply. "I am sorry for it," said the *millionaire* philosopher. "We had hopes you would have done something for him, sir." "Me, me, me—what could I do?" "A little annuity for his life; he is not in the best of health." "Well, well, well—a cheque for 10,000*l.*, would that do?"

"Oh, sir! more than sufficient,—more than sufficient."

During the years 1783–4–5, when the most remarkable of his chemical researches were published, and when his fame as a man of science was at its climax, his town residence was in the vicinity of the British Museum, at the junction of Montague Place and Gower Street. Books and apparatus formed its chief furniture. Occasionally a visitor was admitted, but "grudgingly and of necessity;" for Cavendish had no sympathy with his kind. He was selfish—solitary—passionless.

His favourite dwelling was a villa at Clapham,

which still bears his name. It is a low white building, and fronts the fifth milestone from Cornhill. Here a large portion of his life was passed. "The whole of the house was occupied as workshops and laboratory."* It was stuck about with thermometers, rain-gauges, &c. A registering thermometer, of Cavendish's own construction, served as a sort of landmark to his house. It is now in Professor Brande's possession. Only a small portion of the villa was set apart for personal comfort. The upper rooms constituted an astronomical observatory. On the lawn was placed a wooden stage, from which access was given to a large tree, to the top of which Cavendish, in the course of his meteorological researches, occasionally ascended. To the poorer residents in Clapham the philosopher was an object of unbounded perplexity. The more ignorant amongst them regarded him as a wizard. The scientific appendages which studded the exterior of the villa, confirmed them in their suspicions of his forbidden pursuits. Their fears, it is true, secured him—wealthy as he was known to be—from the attack of the midnight marauder; but, alas! a holier and better defence was wanting. He was a stranger to the pregnant truth—"Wealthy man! there's no better wall around your lordly dwelling, than *the prayers of hearts you've kept from breaking!*"†

Another repulsive feature in his character was, his apparent irreligiousness. He is understood *never to have attended a place of worship.* On the most momentous of all subjects, none ever recollect to

* Dr. Davy. † Croly.

have heard him make even a passing remark. What his religious belief was, *if any*, none can tell. He did not ally himself to any religious body; cultivated no acquaintance with any religious teacher; exhibited no spiritual affections; gave utterance to no hopes connected with the mighty future; made not the slightest allusion to any anticipation, on his part, of another existence, and another home beyond the grave!

"He did not love; he did not hate; he did not hope; he did not fear; he did not worship, as others do. He separated himself from his fellow-men, and apparently from God."*

The most important of all his experiments on the composition of water, was made *on a Sunday;* and, in his journeys, *all days* of the week were *alike*, so far as geological or meteorological observations were concerned!

But though thus forgetful, he was not forgotten: and early in the year 1810† his stewardship thus closed.

He went home one evening from the Royal Society, and passed silently, as usual, to his study. His man-servant had observed blood upon his linen, but *dared* not ask the cause. He remained ill for two or three days; and on the last day of his life he rang his bell somewhat earlier than usual, and when his valet appeared, called him to the bed-side, and said—"Mind what I say—I am going to die. When

* Dr. Wilson.

† He died on the 24th of February, and was buried in the Cavendish vault, All Saints, Derby. His age was 79.

I am dead, *but not till then*, go to Lord George Cavendish, and tell him of the event. Go!" The servant obeyed. In about half an hour Cavendish rang his bell again, and, calling the servant to his bed-side, desired him to *repeat* what he had been told, "*When I am dead*," &c. "Right! Give me the lavender water. Go." The servant obeyed; and in about half an hour, having received no further summons, he went to his master's room, and found him a corpse.

At the time of his death he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He died worth 1,150,000*l.* in different public funds. He had, besides, freehold property to the amount of 8000*l.* per annum: possessed, moreover, canal and other personal property. In addition to all this, there was lying at his banker's the sum of 50,000*l.*

After the philosopher's demise, Sir Everard Home examined his repositories in the presence of his servant. In one of the chests of drawers they found many old-fashioned articles of antique jewellery, parts of embroidered dresses, and an old lady's stomacher, so studded with diamonds, that, when it came to be examined and valued, its worth was estimated at a sum approaching 20,000*l.*

The question still remains—How did he dispose of his wealth? A lover of science, did he found a Professorship at any University for its advancement? No. Aware, from the privations which beset his own early career, how severe is their struggle who, panting after truth, toil on the upward ascent to knowledge, goaded, step by step, by

poverty—did he, when living, make any pecuniary provision, or, dying, leave any posthumous bequest to cheer and hearten in his efforts the youthful aspirant? None. Convinced, as he must have been, from the experience of a protracted life, that knowledge is not unusually its own and *sole* reward—that the patient laborer in the field of abstruse research often dies in poverty and exile—that science, far from ennobling or enriching its ardent follower, often withholds from him even daily bread—did he so dispose of any part of his vast means that it might, in the decline of life, provide ease and competence for those who had devoted the best and freshest years of their existence to philosophy? We look in vain—living or dying—for any recognition of their claims. His alma mater was Cambridge. There he matriculated, resided, studied. Did he, as one of the most wealthy of her sons, leave any token behind him of his interest in her renown, or desire to perpetuate her glories? None.

He died as he had lived—selfish, passionless, apathetic, unfeeling.

The Earl Besborough, a nobleman in no way connected with science, was a legatee under his will to some amount, in consequence of the pleasure he had derived from the Earl's conversation at the Royal Society Club dinner. To Blagden, who had toiled early and late in his laboratory—had contributed largely to his fame—had devoted years to his service—and who might reasonably have expected far more liberal treatment, he left the sum of 15,000*l.*

The bulk of his enormous wealth Cavendish handed over to kinsmen already possessed of ample patrimonial revenues, and who hardly needed an addition. The struggling, the suffering, the unfortunate, the way-worn, the rich man passed over all together. At no time were such present to his remembrance.

No parodox is it to affirm of the philosopher, that despite of his advanced progress in science—vast as was his grasp of chemistry, meteorology, mechanics, geology—there was nevertheless among his attainments a grievous deficiency! One element of knowledge was palpably wanting — "Understand the worth of your soul before you resign it."*

And one—the most legitimate—inference from the Sacred Volume was systematically overlooked: "Do all the good you can; in all the ways you can; to all the people you can; and just as long as you can."†

* Bishop White Kennett. † Dr. Murray.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS BANCROFT.

WHENCE arises that anxiety about the body,—its mode of sepulture and final resting place,—which is so often an element in the character of the rugged, the remorseless, and the stern?

Lord Camelford,—defiant, reckless, and cruel, as the whole current of his life stamped him—was anything but indifferent about his place of rest. In his last hours he made it a matter of earnest request that his remains should be interred in a picturesque spot in Switzerland, at the foot of a favourite tree, where he had often sat and meditated on the mutability of all earthly things.

General Lee, the assailant of Washington,—bitter, sarcastic and unscrupulous,—a writer of such powers, that he has once and again been identified with Junius— daring— insatiably ambitious— the sound classical scholar and the dauntless soldier,—he who during life seemed to dread no adversary, and to be awed by no creed, a duellist and desperate,—couched his last will in terms which proved him to be acutely sensitive as to the spot where he was to await the call of the last trumpet. He bars his remains being consigned to rest in any church or churchyard, or

within a mile of any presbyterian or anabaptist place of worship; but stipulates that his place of sepulture shall be in a distant wild; far remote from human tread; deep down in his mother earth.

Beckford, the cynic,—who sneered at all things and all men; who was always primed with some blighting comment on his fellow worm,—Beckford, to whom all religions were alike, and in whose writings and conversation may be found scorching sarcasms on every creed,—was supremely fastidious in his selection of a spot where his remains were to moulder; and chose as a resting place his favourite resort—a garden—a scene where he "had known much happiness"—if that feeling could have been ever present to a being so contemptuous, suspicious, and satirical.

Whence arises this feeling?

Is it vanity?—an inordinate attachment to ourselves even in decay—to ourselves even when surrounded with all the disfigurements and dishonours of death?

Or does the union of years beget an attachment between the material and immaterial, which not even death can wholly dissolve? And is the soul, with all its lofty aspirations and glorious hopes, loth to part from its frail decaying tabernacle—the body?

From this feeling he was not exempt—as we shall trace in his will—whose benevolence, glaring as were his eccentricities, is well worthy of imitation.

FRANCIS BANCROFT was the grandson of the celebrated Archbishop of that name. He is said to

have been born in the year 1664. His circumstances becoming much reduced, he accepted an appointment under the Corporation of London, and was for many years one of the Lord Mayor's officers. During this period he amassed property to the extent of 28,000*l.*

Pennant, in his History of London, under the head of "Great St. Helen's—its Church and Tombs," thus writes, bitterly for one in general so calm:—

"In a plain square mausoleum is lodged the embalmed corpse of *Richard Bancroft*, placed in a chest with a lid fastened only with hinges, and over the face is a glass pane. This Bancroft is said to have been one of the Lord Mayor's officers, and a very rapacious person. To make atonement for his past life, he left his ill-gotten riches in trust to found and maintain an almshouse and school, and to keep the monument in repair. He left twenty shillings to the minister to preach annually a commemoration sermon. The almsmen and scholars attended, and his body was brought out for public inspection. But I think that this custom, as well as the sermon, have been of late years laid aside."

There are more errors than one in this statement.

The Christian name of the founder of Bancroft's Hospital was *Francis*.

The sermon is still preached annually, in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, on the last Sunday in April; but the body is not inspected. Over his sepulchre is this clumsy inscription:—

"The Ground whereon this Tomb stands Was Purchased of this Parish in MDCCXXIII, by Francis Bancroft, Esquire, for the Interment of himself and Friends only, and was Confirmed to him by a Faculty From the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, London, the same year, and in his lifetime he erected this Tomb, Anno 1726, and Settled part of his Estate in London and Middlesex, for Beautifying and Keeping the same in Repair For Ever."

But to the will—by which he disposes of his wealth.

It is a curious testamentary paper. The anxiety which the dying man manifests for the preservation of his remains is marvellous and avowed. The clause by which he provides that his trustees shall have a merry-making at his expense, is rare in documents of this description. But after all, can the will, singular as it is, be pronounced that of a "rapacious" or "irreligious" man?

I, FRANCIS BANCROFT, citizen and draper of London, considering the uncertainty of human life, do make my last will and testament in manner following:—

1. *First*, I recommend my soul to God, my Creator, hoping through his mercy, and the merits of Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour and Redeemer, to receive pardon for all my sins, and life everlasting.

2. My body I desire may be embalmed within six days after my death, and my entrails to be put in a leaden box, and included in my coffin, or placed in my vault next the same, as shall be most convenient; and that my coffin be made of oak, lined with lead; and that the top or lid thereof be hung with strong hinges, neither to be nailed, screwed, locked down,

nor fastened any other way, but to open freely, and without trouble, like to the top of a trunk.

3. And I desire to be buried in a vault, which I have made and purchased for that purpose, under my tomb in the parish church of St. Helen's, London, within ten days after my decease,* between the hours of nine and ten o'clock at night. And I do direct that the whole expenses of my funeral, over and above what I have hereafter given for mourning and rings, shall not exceed the sum of 200*l.*

4. I give my silver bason to the said church of St. Helen's, there to be used at the Communion Service, or otherwise in the service of that church; and for no other use or purpose whatsoever.

5. Gives various small legacies to forty different individuals.

6. Conveys his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold estates to the Drapers' Company, in trust for certain charitable purposes,—

7. And also his personal estate (the value of which *combined* bequest he estimates at *twenty-eight thousand pounds*, more or less) to and for the several intents and purposes hereinafter mentioned and expressed, and to and for no other use, intent, or purpose, whatsoever; that the said master and war-

* There can be no doubt that Bancroft was unpopular during his lifetime. At his death, says Stow, he had so incurred the hatred and ill will of his fellow citizens, that the persons who attended his funeral had great difficulty in preventing his corpse from being jostled off the shoulders of the bearers by the enraged populace, who, seizing the public church bells, rang them for very joy at his unlamented death.

dens of the Drapers' Company do and shall, out of my personal estate, lay out and expend the sum of 4000*l.* or 5000*l.*, more or less, as in their discretion they shall see most fitting, in the purchasing of a convenient piece of ground, and for the building thereon *almshouses for twenty-four old men, with a convenient chapel*, and school-room for one hundred poor boys, and two dwelling-houses for two masters; and such other out-building, walling, and accommodations, as shall be adjudged necessary and commodious for the purposes aforesaid.

8. And my desire is, that the said twenty-four old men shall be members of the Drapers' Company, of good life and conversation, and shall, from time to time, be chosen and admitted by the master and wardens of the said Company for the time being, or the major part of them, in case so many deserving and real poor objects of that Company can be found; and, for want thereof, then such other poor old men to be taken from any place as the said master and wardens shall best approve of.

9. Directs that the two masters chosen and approved by the court of assistants of the Drapers' Company, shall give bond to be obedient and conformable to the orders of the said Company.

10. Directs that of the one hundred boys to be educated in his school, none shall be admitted under the age of seven, nor be retained in the school after the age of fifteen.

11. Recommends a certain printed set of rules, which he pronounces excellent for the government

of charity schools, to the adoption of the Company for regulating that school which he is about to found.

12. And my will and mind is, that the said number of one hundred boys shall be constantly kept up, and that they shall be taught to read, write, and cast accounts, and well instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, according to the doctrine of the Church of England as by law established; and I do appoint the said masters shall read prayers in the chapel every morning and evening alternately; and that the said old men, unless hindered by sickness or other reasonable cause, together with the boys, shall constantly attend the said service.

13. And my will and mind further is, that the said twenty-four old men, by and out of the rents and produce of my said trust estate hereby devised, shall have 8*l.* per annum apiece duly paid them towards their support and maintenance by four even quarterly payments; and six sacks or half a chaldron of coals each, yearly; and a baize gown every third year.

14. Regulates the salary of the two masters; the allowance for books, pens, paper, and other necessaries for his school; the clothing of the children; and desires that the master and wardens and certain of the court of assistants will be pleased once a year or oftener, if occasion requiring, to visit the said school and almhouses, to cause the said children to be publicly examined and catechised; and to inquire into the state, condition, and behavior of the said poor men; as well as to take, view, and give orders for the needful repairs of the said school and alms-

houses; and that a sum not exceeding *five pounds be expended in a dinner* on that day for the said committee, and that the two masters be invited to partake thereof.

15. Also I desire and appoint two sermons to be preached on a Sunday in the forenoon yearly for ever, in commemoration of these my charities: the one in April, in the parish church of St. Helen's aforesaid, by the minister of that parish; and the other in October, in the parish church of St. Michael's, Cornhill, or elsewhere, as the said master and wardens for the time being shall direct and appoint; and that the said masters and children and old men be then and there present, and the children publicly examined and catechised; and that public notice be given in the respective churches the preceding Sundays immediately after morning and evening prayer; and the ministers shall have twenty shillings each for preaching the said sermons, and the readers ten shillings each for examining and catechising the said children; and the clerks and sextons half-a-crown each respectively.

16. And my will and mind further is, that when any of the said children shall be fifteen years old, they shall leave the said school, and be paid two pounds ten shillings to buy them clothes to fit them for service, or four pounds to place them apprentice to honest handicraft trades, as the said master and wardens shall think most proper.

17. And whereas I have been at considerable expense in purchasing a piece of ground, making a vault, and erecting a tomb in the church of St. Helen's

aforesaid, I do hereby give and appoint the sum of two pounds per annum for ever, and more whenever needful, for the cleansing, taking care of, preserving, and repairing my said vault and tomb aforesaid; it being my intention and express desire to have the same *kept up in good order and repair for ever, whether the church be standing or not;* and to that end I hereby subject and charge all my said estate, in London and Middlesex, with the payment and support thereof, before any of the charities hereinbefore mentioned.

18. Also I give to the said fraternity of Drapers the sum of thirty-five pounds, to buy six or more silver plates, to be by them used and kept in remembrance of me; and to the master, wardens, and clerk that shall be in such office or station at the time of my decease, to each of them a ring of twenty shillings in value, whom I desire to be present at my funeral, and hold up my pall.

19. Directs all expenses in executing the trust to be deducted from his estate.

20. Directs that the overplus of the estate, if any, shall go towards improving the charity.

21. If his estate prove deficient, directs that then a proportionable reduction shall be made in his charity.

22. Provides that his executors shall make over whatever he leaves behind him into the hands of the Drapers' Company.

23. Appoints five executors, and gives to each a legacy of twenty pounds.

24. Revokes all former and other wills, and declares this to be his true and only will.

The document bears date 18th of March, 1727: the testator died not many months afterwards.

Revolving years have shown the wisdom as well as benevolence of Bancroft's testamentary provisions; and proved that his decision was well considered, which constituted the Drapers' Company his executors. They did not slumber over their trust. In 1734 the building of that noble quadrangle beyond Whitechapel church in the Mile End road, popularly known as Bancroft's Hospital, was commenced. In 1735 a school for boys was in operation. The almshouses were next filled up. Then came the improvement of the estates issuing in an increased revenue.

So well has this been husbanded, that instead of *twenty-four* almshouses, the number originally contemplated by Bancroft, there are now THIRTY. The pensions of the almsmen have been augmented from 8*l.*—the amount named in his will—to 18*l.*, while the number of boys on the foundation, boarded, clothed, and educated from seven to fourteen years of age, is still kept up to 100. The most deserving are, on reaching the age of fifteen, apprenticed; and the list of upright, useful, thriving men who owe their first start in life to Bancroft's charity, is long and startling.

The head of more than one first-rate firm may be found in it. So that the Lord Mayor's officer has

done his part towards remedying the deficiency which he noticed once and again in the declining years of his life—"There are two great and crying needs in this city, which it behoves warm men to look to. The old need *quiet*, and a place to die in. The young need *correction*, and a place to strive in."

Some two years ago the public records teemed with comments on a gentleman who coming into possession of 100,000*l.*, spent it within a twelvemonth. Many an estimable man, a curate, maintains his position in society, brings up a family, and dies free from debt, the maximum of whose income has at no time exceeded 100*l.* per annum. But the fast gentleman in question managed, in 365 days, to get rid of 100,000*l.* And there was nothing to show for it. He had had it, and he had spent it. The abyss where it was engulphed was said to be the Italian Opera House. Singers, dancers, fiddlers, scene painters, were asserted to have dissipated it. And most effectually. Not a wreck remained. Some, on the other hand, contended that censure in such a case was unjust; and that the party alluded to merited maintenance at the public cost for proving that such a feat was capable of accomplishment,—that 100,000*l.* could be got rid of by a bachelor within the revolution of some thirteen moons.

Leaving such "quips and cranks" to be cudgelled by brains which delight in maintaining "the worse to be the better reason," it may be asked of the two sums—the 28,000*l.* amassed and left by Bancroft, which clothes, feeds, and educates, year after year, 100 boys; which supports in comfort 30 aged and

deserving men; which has started in life a long array of valuable and useful traders;—and the 100,000*l.*, inherited and dispersed within a twelve month by the fast gentleman—which of these comes under the class entitled "the riches that bring no sorrow?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

WHAT is the use of an Aristocracy?

Is it not to "give to the state the help of their counsel, and to the people the light of their example?"

But is this order self-sustained, subject to no contingencies, and, come what may, secure? No. Then upon what does it lean? Upon an unseen and gratuitous support from public opinion.

Such is the critical and sensitive state of the aristocratic body, that no nobleman can commit himself in the eyes of his country by an act unworthy of his order, without bringing the whole class into danger. It has a multiform fight to wage. It has to contend, in this age of progress, for its own preservation, its hereditary permanence, its territorial influence, and its constitutional independence.

The masses scan *its deeds*.

From among us—the fact is significant—has disappeared the old English prejudice which supposed in nobility feelings essentially noble.

That persuasion is almost extinct: and on the public sense entertained of its special value its true popularity depends.

FRANCIS CHARLES SEYMOUR CONWAY, third Marquis of Hertford, was born in March, 1777. His

alma mater was Oxford. He was entered at Christ Church in 1794, but migrated subsequently to St. Mary Hall. He appears to have been M. A. of that college in November, 1814. He had only a few weeks attained his majority, when he was returned to parliament for the borough of Orford; and between the years 1802 and 1822 sat for Lisburne, the county of Antrim, and Camelford.

His marriage followed almost immediately on his coming of age. His bride was Maria Fagniani, the reputed daughter of the wealthy Duke of Queensberry.

A roué almost from the hour in which he left the roof of his private tutor—fond of play—of courtly manners and very accommodating principles—Lord Yarmouth — such was his title by courtesy — was soon admitted into the Prince of Wales's set; and, though he was understood to eschew the politics of that selfish voluptuary, shared largely in his society and friendship.

At the peace of Amiens ,Lord and Lady Yarmouth crossed over to France; and having the misfortune to be at Paris when the sudden resumption of hostilities took place between that country and Great Britain, were detained by the express command of Buonaparte. Lady Yarmouth was permitted to have her residence in Paris; but his Lordship was removed to the fortress of Verdun. In exile he remained three years. On the accession of the Whigs to power in 1806, the Prince of Wales requested Mr. Fox, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to obtain through the intervention

of M. de Talleyrand, with whom he was in private correspondence, the liberation of Lord Yarmouth.

This movement on the part of the heir apparent led to somewhat unexpected results. It introduced Lord Yarmouth into public life, and initiated him into the mysteries of diplomacy.

The application of Mr. Fox in his Lordship's behalf was, in the opinion of the French Government, conclusive that the young nobleman was a personal favorite with the British minister. The heir to the Hertford peerage was consequently invited from Verdun to Paris, where he had a lengthened interview with Talleyrand. In the course of it that wily diplomatist verbally submitted to him Buonaparte's overtures for peace, and authorized him to proceed to London to repeat them to Mr. Fox. His Lordship reached London in June, 1806; and soon afterwards returned to Paris, bringing with him the acceptance, on the part of the English Ministry, of Buonaparte's overture, and armed with full powers to treat for a cessation of hostilities. Meanwhile the French government had raised its demands. Lord Lauderdale was then formally associated with Lord Yarmouth in the more extensive and complicated discussions which had now arisen. Eventually all negotiations were broken off. Buonaparte had never entertained any real intention of terminating the war. The overtures made had been only a feint; and were carried on and kept up in the hope of disuniting the allies. The young diplomatist had not the satisfaction of releasing his country from an exhausting warfare; but it was considered that he

and his colleague, Lord Lauderdale, had triumphantly vindicated their conduct, both as to its policy and good faith, when called to account in Parliament.

In September, 1809, Lord Castlereagh fought his duel with Mr. Canning. The Foreign Minister's second was his cousin, Lord Yarmouth.

In the following year, on the demise of the Duke of Queensberry, the reputed father of Lady Yarmouth, his Lordship succeeded to a large share of the disposable property of that wealthy nobleman. The Duke bequeathed to the Earl of Yarmouth for his life, then to Lady Yarmouth for her life, and at their death to their male issue, 150,000*l.*; the two houses in Piccadilly, and the villa at Richmond, with all their furniture. The Earl was also constituted residuary legatee, by which it was computed that a further sum of 200,000*l.* would devolve to him.

The year 1811 now came in, bringing with it the sharp discussions which arose about the Regency. In these, as was natural from his intimacy with the personage most deeply interested, Lord Yarnouth ranged himself among the Prince's friends. He contended that His Royal Highness's authority should be thoroughly unrestricted. On the formation of the Prince's establishment as Regent with full powers, Lord Yarmouth and his father filled distinguished appointments; the former being Vice Chamberlain, and the latter Lord Chamberlain of the household.

On the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns in this country in 1814, his Lordship was appointed to

attend the Emperor Alexander, and accompanied that Sovereign in his visits to all the objects of interest in and about London. The Emperor, on taking leave of his noble cicerone, presented him with the order of St. Anne.

The summer of 1822 brought with it further honours and augmented means. His father's death took place in June; which raised him to the peerage as Marquis of Hertford, and devolved on him the large family estates.

Later on in his career he accepted* the mission of ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Russia, and was the bearer of the Order of the Garter to the Emperor Nicholas. He sailed for St. Petersburg in the Briton frigate; and the splendour of his array, and the lavish expenditure in which he indulged, startled even a court so habituated to costly display as the autocrat's.

This may be considered as the concluding act of his public life. On the accession of William IV. he was offered—so his friends state—and declined a high household appointment. His refusal originated in declining health.

It says little for the great world's regard for morality, but much for the reverence with which it worships wealth, that no one was more courted than Lord Hertford during the brief sojourn which his health allowed him to make in this country. The warmth of a southern clime was, latterly, indispensable in autumn and winter; but the London season generally found him at his villa

* In 1827.

the Regent's Park, where his elaborate enternments were thronged by the fashionable and the y.

True he was separated from his wife—notoriously licted to play—entertained and broached sentints on the subject of female virtue most derogay to female honour—quoted Sir Robert Wapole's nion of men, and applied it to women—could soil lips upon occasion with language the most coarse, d indefensible;—but then the arrangements of table were faultless; he had a dog cook; the st cellar in London; an irreproachable *cuisine;* picture gallery crowded with gems of art; a colction of Roman antiquities at once incomparable d priceless; and, above all, the *meta* of the Camus Maximus!

What an ample screen for defects! Who could nture to censure a man possessed of such inestiable accessories!

It was my fortune, some few years since, to come contact with an individual who had been bred and rn on his Lordship's estate—had lived in his serce in Sudbourne—had been sent for up to town by ord Hertford's express orders, and placed in his stablishment in the Regent's Park—had twice accompanied his noble employer abroad—and had on ne occasion been much about his person during a evere attack of illness.

The man was in circumstances when truth usually alls from the lips, and when the heart feels the folly f all subterfuge and all disguise. He said that othing hung so heavily on his conscience—nothing

in his judgment rendered pardon for him so doubt ful—as certain parts of his life during the period h was in Lord Hertford's employment, and when h was acting under his Lordship's *immediate* authority

Sufficient was said to enable me to see that hi remorse arose from some deep-laid and successfu scheme, which had for its object the gratification o Lord Hertford's unbridled licentiousness, and to whic the shrinking penitent had been unhappily instru mental.

It pursued him to the last. On the morning o his departure, he said, calmly and sadly; "Ah! m Lord had no care for his own soul: it wasn't likel that he should think of the souls of those about him!'

He was right. It is only when an employer "care for his own soul," that he takes thought for the eter nal interests of those around him.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is an inquiry tha rises too readily to the lips of all. None of us ar sufficiently alive to our spiritual responsibilities. That will be an awful discovery, in the day of fina account, for many an arbitrary, luxurious, godless employer, when he finds that during his entire stew ardship he was accountable to the great Benefacto above, not only for his own soul, but to a very grea extent for the souls of others—those who cam within the reach of his example, and were subjec to his inspection, guardianship, and control.

But there lies in wait for all, an enemy whom n offering can propitiate, and no opulence bribe; an despite of every means and appliance which art an skill can suggest, the grave will claim its own. Afte

repeated warnings indicative of progressive decay, the Marquis ceased to exist on the 1st of March, 1842. The wealth which he left behind him was very considerable; and the will which disposed of it among the most singular on record.

To his widow, the Marchioness, was bequeathed 3000*l.* per annum, and 20,000*l.* His son, the present Lord, succeeds to all the landed estates and residue; the latter gift considered equivalent to 100,000*l.* The late Admiral Sir Richard Strachan left his three daughters, then very young, to the guardianship of Lord Hertford, and they chiefly resided with him until their marriages. These three young ladies were the most prominent objects of his Lordship's bounty,—viz. to Charlotte, Countess Zichy, who constantly resided with him, he left 86,000*l.*; to Matilda, Countess Berthold, 85,000*l.*; and to Louisa, Princess Antimo Ruffo, 40,000*l.*; and to each, successively, a life interest in the villa in Regent's Park, which, after them returns to his own family. To Lady Strachan is bequeathed an annuity of 700*l.*, and 10,000*l.* To a Mrs. Spencer, (the person who has been called, but it is believed erroneously, "Lady Strachan's maid,") an annuity of 1000*l.*, and 5000*l.* To his Lordship's numerous servants, various sums, estimated at from 16,000*l.* to 20,000*l.* To his executors, 5000*l.* each; to Sir Horace Seymour, 8000*l.*; to Lord George Seymour, 5000*l.*; to his cousin, Captain Meynell, 4000*l.*; to Mr. Wilson Croker, 21,000*l.* and his wine, which, from his Lordship's having latterly lived so little in England, is not reckoned at more than 500*l.*; to Mr. De Horsey, 3500*l.*; to Mr.

Raikes 2000*l.* These are the principal bequests; but on the codicils by which they were given—nearly thirty in number—various legal questions were raised.

"The fact is," writes one who was about him at the last, "'caprice ruled the hour.' Nothing but flattery pleased. The most honeyed accents alone were listened to. He was a great contradiction as to character: death was a most obnoxious idea; and yet he was always talking about his will, altering it, or adding to it, or revoking one part of it, or qualifying another; and I suppose you won't believe me when I tell you that one of the greatest sources of satisfaction which his Lordship seemed to have was this—the annoyance, chagrin, and disappointment which his will would cause certain parties when he was gone. The idea of mortifying and punishing certain individuals after he was dead, seemed to give him wondrous satisfaction. You won't perhaps believe this—I can't explain it—but it is the truth. As to religion ——. Best to say nothing,—all was hollow about him. He was *deceived in life*, and he was *deceived in death.*"

Such is the summary of a competent witness, if great facilities for observation can make one.

The revocations of bequests that occur in the will, are many and curious. Fifty thousand pounds were left by one clause to the late Sir Robert Peel, who was also named one of the executors. But Sir Robert's hour of popularity seems to have passed away. The bequest was cancelled, and his appointment as executor annulled. Nor is it matter for marvel. What bond of union could have subsisted

between the practised and sated voluptuary, and one so irreproachable in all the relations of private life—so exemplary as a husband and a father—of such spotless integrity and disinterested patriotism as the late Premier of England?

Another feature in this lengthy document is too remarkable to be passed over.

While thousands and tens of thousands are bequeathed to this and that individual for this and that earthly and perishable object, the claims of religion and benevolence meet with scant consideration, and are summarily dismissed.

One hundred pounds to each of the hospitals of which his Lordship was governor, and the like sum to the poor of Aldborough, Orford, and Lisburne, was all the recognition which the millionaire bestowed on the sorrowful, the needy, the disabled, the forsaken! What! was there no ragged school struggling for existence—no parish church that required rebuilding—no destitute district that needed additional spiritual instruction—no toiling society with exhausted coffers and large and promising fields of usefulness—was there no scheme for reclaiming the tempted or succoring the penitent—that commended itself to the rich man's attention? Was 900*l.* all that this owner of half a million could bestow on pious and charitable uses? Alas! Well might an eloquent writer of our own day exclaim:—

"Where now, in this reluctant age, shall we find one great-hearted man to lay even the first stone of such a temple, in faith that future servants would be raised up to carry on the work? Vast heaps

of wealth, untold revenues, lofty palaces, multiply through the land; while our parish churches, even within the domains of the great and noble, fall to decay. God has poured into our lap the treasures of the world; but alas! our hearts lie in our coffers, and cannot wing their way to the bright inheritance of a truer wealth above. One by one the possessors, *rich in all but faith*, are summoned to their reckoning, and drop into oblivion; but where are the recording angels to bear to Heaven the registry of their deeds of self-denying love? Not the very crumbs from their fulness, not so much as a poor legacy, for ever-enduring works of Christian charity!"

No blessing followed such a distribution of property. It was fruitful in accusations, degradation, and strife. The authenticity, validity, morality of the will, were assailed on all sides. Of those most essentially benefited by its provisions none seemed fully satisfied. It was universally held that "*more* might have been done." Foul play was insinuated. The dying nobleman was said to have been plundered when unconscious of what was passing around him. Coupons to a large amount were alleged to have been abstracted from his strong box. Nicholas Suisse, the confidential valet of the deceased, claimed them as a gift. He averred that he received them in token of faithful service from the hands of his late master. He was disbelieved, and tried for theft. The Old Bailey rung with the most lamentable disclosures. There—before the grave judges of the land—the veil which shrouded the waning hours of Lord Hertford's existence was rudely torn away,

and the habits—persevered in to the last—of a most licentious life, were displayed before an amazed and disgusted audience. True, the evidence of Mademoiselle Felicité Bourel, given with surpassing self-possession, exculpated Suisse, and preserved to him his property: but what deep shadows did it not cast on the Marquis's memory! How damaging to him, as a member of the British aristocracy, were the revelations which that trial disclosed! What a frightful light did the investigation then held shed on the propensities of the *aged* nobleman!

To the democrat, to the enemy of all established institutions, to the republican and the socialist, to the sworn foe of the peerage, to the Chartist and the leveller of all aristocratic distinctions, that scene at the Old Bailey must afford unmixed satisfaction; to the Christian it is fraught only with very painful reflections, and can carry but one conclusion,—the curse which lingers around the distribution of *unsanctified* wealth.

In the disfranchised town of Orford, close to Sudbourne Hall, the Marquis's magnificent seat, where the Regent was more than once a guest, lives a blind organist of the name of John Last. His proficiency in sacred music is great, his touch firm and clear, and his taste indisputable. The Marquis, availing himself of poor John's abilities, would not unfrequently summon him to the Hall, during his autumnal sojourn at Sudbourne, for the gratification of those among his guests who were neither deep drink-

ers nor keen-witted gamblers. Often at very brief notice, and, to poor John, at very untimely hours, has the blind musician obeyed the Marquis's summons, and hied him to the Hall. His playing always commanded applause; and the master of the feast seemed gratified at being able to exhibit, as *one of his vassals*, a musician of such undoubted talent.

"The duke," no mean judge, appreciated the blind organist's merits; would come up to him, and say brusquely, but kindly, "Ah Last! how are you?—glad to see you again—no playing like yours, after all!" At another time, this comment has been overheard addressed to the Marquis:—

"Good playing that! English all over. Few of those foreign apes in London could execute such a fugue!"

It was during one of these musical evenings at Sudbourne that one of the guests, a lady, slipped into Last's hand a 5*l.* note, in token of the gratification which his playing had afforded her. She fancied that she had so timed her offering that by the bystanders it had passed unnoticed. She was mistaken. It had been observed, and by some eavesdropper communicated to his Lordship. He insisted on its restoration, and expressed considerable displeasure that it should have been accepted in the first instance. In vain Last urged, in explanation, that it had been offered, not sought, and that he was unconscious that such a gift was destined for him till it was actually placed in his grasp. His Lordship's anger was redoubled. It was an insult to *him*. He would allow no performer playing for the amusement of *his*

guests to be remunerated by *them*. It was levying a tax upon his visitors, and was a practice not to be endured.

Last obeyed. The note was restored to the compassionate donor. But the Marquis never replaced it.

Poor Last played on, hoping perchance that the rich man might, in the final distribution of his property, remember one who had so often ministered to his amusement, and cheer his old age with some small annuity or trifling legacy.

Vain expectation! When was the voluptuary otherwise than intensely and innately selfish? Of that school—callous, heartless, engrossing, remorseless—history presents us with a royal type.

Madame de Pompadour, detested by the French nation, who imputed* to her "the public misery, the misfortunes of war, and the triumphs of our enemies,"—accused of "selling everything, of disposing of everything, of governing everything,"—sunk under the expression of deserved public hatred, and died of inquietude and chagrin.

As a proof of the heartlessness which habits of vice engender, it is related that, on the day of her funeral, the king (Louis XV.) walking on the terrace at Versailles, and thinking, as he took out his watch, that it was the moment for the interment of her whom he had professed to love so fondly, said, with great unconcern, "The Countess will have a fine day!"

Paragon of selfishness! Leader of a luxurious and motley multitude! Chief of a vast assemblage who

* Her own expression in one of her last letters.

recognize but one motto,—"Pleasure to day; what care we about the morrow!" and who bow to one idol, SELF, enshrined in every heart.

Part we with the Marquis,—engrafted into this party, conversant with all its usages, and governed by its maxims,—and bid him good-bye with one of Foster's words of wisdom,—"It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting; and if all were good, few would need to be able!"

CHAPTER IX.

LAWYER BRAME, OF IPSWICH.

THE legal "gent"—yclept attorney—is not a popular personage in England. He is regarded as no favorable specimen of the *genus homo*. Unbend as he may, he is *caviare* to the multitude. They put no faith in him. His promises inspire no confidence; his asseverations challenge no belief; his reverses excite no sympathy. He is dreaded, distrusted, or loathed, according to the individual and painful experience of those around him. Few are there in life's journey who cannot recall one of the species who has misled them, cajoled them, stripped them, betrayed them.

A successful performer in a somewhat unpopular line of parts, who throughout a long life was deaf to every call of charity, and acted out Cain's inquiry, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—and yet at his death "gave his goods to feed the poor"—is an instance of amended convictions not altogether devoid of interest.

In the fetid, unwholesome, ill-paved, and worse drained town of Ipswich—reeking with odors from over-crowded churchyards, and glorying in a constituency about as pure as that of St. Albans—resided Mr. Benjamin Brame. He was a man of humble origin, whose education had been bounden

within very narrow limits, and who had crept into the profession at a time when stamp duty on attorneys' indentures was light, and when license to plunder the public was a matter of very easy attainment. His domicil was at the corner of Brook Street, within a stone's-throw of St. Mary Quay Church; and, taking into account his passionate love of money, most appropriately and eligibly situated. Facing him rose Alexander's bank. His windows commanded this temple of Plutus. The exits and entrances of the worshippers were before him. He could observe the movements of the money-changers, —almost catch the chink of the sovereigns upon the counter,—and note the frown of the Quaker partners when a backsliding customer presented his paper.

For a lover of gold, what domicil more agreeable?

His personal appearance was an index to the master passion of his mind. He had a pinched, sharp, hungry look. The expression of his cold, grey eye was hard. There was an unyielding, inflexible air about the mouth which warned you that no gentle or pitying accents were likely to issue thence. Mirth seemed banished from his composition. The veriest tyro in Lavater's school would have pronounced 'Torney Brame a "Holdfast."

In consequence of his being the executor of a former rector who had left a small benefaction for twenty years to the poor of Kirton, it was necessary that, from time to time, I should visit the lawyer in order to obtain payment. At our first interview, he alluded at some length to my predecessor, and wound up his remarks by saying—'I had a great respect

for him—great. He died rich, sir, he died rich.'—Not a word as to whether his deceased friend had died in faith and hope—as to whether he quitted life without reluctance, and was prepared for the mighty change. Not a word as to whether the poor missed him,—or his relations mourned him,—or the Church bewailed him. Not a word as to whether his dying testimony was solemn, and the lesson taught by his entire life impressive. Not one word on points like these. The muck-worm's respect for the departed, was based upon the single fact that he had died *rich!*"

O rare arithmetician! Admirable judge of character! What nice appreciation of human worth was thine! A man's value to the community thou wouldst guage by the amount of dross he could command and leave!—An estimate wholly antagonistic to that laid down in the Eternal Record, by lips that could not lie—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth!"

Some six months after this interview, another and further insight was afforded into the rich man's character.

A poor woman, in whom I was interested, had become involved in law. Her opponent was Mr. Brame. She was very ignorant, and very obstinate, and had been wrong throughout. Her folly had been great—of that there could be no question; but she had "stood upon her rights," and had been miserably advised. The point, now, was to get her out of the mire with all possible speed. I waited on Mr. Brame. The debt and costs then amounted—I

speak from recollection—to 3*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, and after a few introductory and conciliatory remarks, I laid down before the man of law three sovereigns and the odd shillings.

He eyed them disdainfully for a moment, and then observed, in his sharp, clear tones:—

"What may this mean, sir?"

"The money due to you, Mr. Brame: three, seventeen."

"My claim, sir," he rejoined, emphatically, "is three, seventeen, *nine*. I pay to the penny, and I receive to the penny. Three—seventeen—NINE."

"This unfortunate woman is very poor ——"

"The very reason," interrupted he, "why she should not have gone to law. Law is a luxury—and for the rich. What business had *she* with law? All my bill, sir, or *none*. Three — seventeen — *nine*."

I placed the entire sum before him, and he commenced writing a receipt. Holding it impossible that he could be devoid of feeling, and desirous to rouse it, I recommenced—

"This ill-advised woman is aged; and, as I suppose, sir, you are aware, has recently lost her husband. She is very ignorant ——"

"Then I have taught her a lesson:" was the reply.

"And extremely poor."

"For that very reason I would have demanded the uttermost farthing."

"You have it," said I. "She is literally penniless—you have her all."

"Ha!" and he chuckled. The thought apparently pleased him. There was on his hard, cold features the only approach to a smile that I ever witnessed there. Resolved to ascertain whether he was man or marble, I went on —

"The poor creature is thoroughly humbled. Take pity on her. Return her a few shillings. The boon will be great. She needs them. By you they will never be missed. Have mercy."

He eyed me for a few seconds, fixedly and angrily; and then said slowly, in his clear, passionless tones,—

"All this is very unusual—I had almost said absurd—in matters of business. They can only be transacted in one way. Mercy is what I never ask for myself, and therefore never show to others!"

I turned away. The day, methought, will come when the cry for "mercy" will issue from a heart even inexorable as your own. Will it *then* be heard and *answered?*

Our subsequent interviews related mainly to the Edgar Benefaction, and to the construction which he placed on the donor's will,—barring the parish, according to his view, from all share in the interest which year by year accrued. One New Year's day, when he adverted to the vigorous health which he had uninterruptedly enjoyed, I purposely intruded the truism, that life was a stewardship, often abruptly terminated; that a man had best be *his own executor;* and that "where much was given, much would be required." The remark was most unpalatable. Nothing, I found, could be more obnoxious

than any reference to the approaching close of existence. Death, by him, was only looked at through a long vista of coming years! I saw him for the last time but one in the opening week of 1851. He was extremely wroth with the bishops; hoped he "should live to see them ousted from the House of Lords; their incomes finally settled at 1200*l.* per annum; and the clergy made, as they ought to be, stipendaries of the state." I asked him, while dwelling with such severity on the revenue of the *Bishops* of Durham, whether he had ever heard the names of Barrington and Van Mildert, and of the noble use which they had made of their professional income; and inquired whether he could recall any *Earl* of Durham who had founded an university, or given away in his lifetime 100,000*l.* in charity?

To this list I might have added the name of a prelate, happily for the Church, still living, whose episcopate has been nobly marked by an unexampled increase of churches in the densely populated districts of the metropolis; to whom the poorer clergy have never applied in vain; and in the distribution of whose income the needy, the suffering, and the unfortunate, have largely shared. "These cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

He replied, "he didn't profess to be versed in Church history; but he should always be an advocate for *a poor clergy*. The only way, in his judgment, to keep the Church pious, was to keep *the Church poor!*"

And yet this man called himself a Churchman, professed fidelity to the Church of England, was a regular attendant at her services, and avowed himself an admirer of her ritual. How he evidenced his attachment to the Church, by his treatment of one of her ministering servants—his own parochial clergyman, and he in dying circumstances—will be seen hereafter. One of his legal cotemporaries tells me—

"Brame was the son of a carpenter. He was articled in days gone by, when there was no stamp duty to be paid and little premium. It may be said of him, without any infringement of charity, that he never read any book that had not a direct reference to law—and that he knew nothing else. He kept no clerk. He was too poor! Formerly he had one—an active, intelligent, well-conducted young man, who left his service because Brame would not give him one pound per week. Close-fist paid this party very grudgingly eighteen shillings; and would make no addition. I remember the wealthy man coming down to me one morning amazingly out of sorts, and inquiring, with great heat, what I paid my clerk a week. I replied, 'one pound.' He exclaimed, 'Mine wants the same; but he shall never have it! Never! I will part with him sooner! A pound a week! Enormous pay! Unheard of! Shameful! Beyond all sense and reason!

"'No!' was my rejoinder—'not a shilling too much for a person who devotes himself to your interests, and in whom you can place thorough confidence!'

"At this Brame became more irate than before; and left me, declaring I deserved the reprobation of the profession for giving such extravagant remuneration and then defending it.

"Of extravagance in any form none could accuse him. He kept no horse, no carriage, no vehicle of any kind. Paid he would be, by those who consulted him, to the veriest fraction. He kept a pence bag and a farthing bag; and resorted to them with curious effect in adjusting his accounts. In politics he was a Whig, and something more; and abided unflinchingly by his party. It is difficult to say wherein his religion consisted, or his benevolence. He was never known to *give anything away!* His disinclination to part with money for any charitable purpose was strongly manifested in the case of poor Harbur.* Brame, you must know, professed himself a Churchman: Harbur was his parochial minister: and at Harbur's church Brame was to be seen every Sabbath. There was another tie between them—that of political sentiment. They were both Whigs of advanced growth. They took long walks together, for Brame was an unflagging pedestrian; and there apparently existed a strong intimacy between them. Harbur, whose living never amounted to a maintenance, who had severe trials in his family, and had in an evil hour become surety for an undeserving relative, had his full share of life's sorrows. His circumstances became embarrassed, and he fell into ill-health: Brame knew this and proffered no assistance. Harbur's malady increased;

* Incumbent of St. Mary Quay, Ipswich.

and his difficulties thickened. At length his case became so urgent, that a subscription was entered into to provide him with the comforts he needed in his last hours. Brame stood aloof. From him no pecuniary help was forthcoming. But *in his will* he had bequeathed Harbur the sum of 500*l.* One twentieth of this amount would have been of essential service to the suffering and sorrow-stricken clergyman; but Brame refused to part with it. He could not bring himself to *relax his hold* over his wealth. He would *bequeath;* but he would not GIVE! Such conduct requires no comment. It but serves to illustrate the verse—'seeing your brother in need,' and yet 'shutting up your bowels of compassion from him!' As to the bequest itself, it was a bitter mockery. Brame knew it. His ill-fated parish priest died months before him."

Another gentleman fully conversant with Brame's characteristics thus alludes to him:—

"Brame was a man totally devoid of feeling: I saw a good deal of him during the time he filled the office of chief magistrate,—he was the first mayor elected under the New Municipal Act,—and this is my honest opinion of him—that being did not live upon this broad earth for whom Benjamin Brame felt the faintest throb of affection. Anatomists tell you that the heart is enveloped in a membrane called the *pericardium*, situated towards the left of the cavity of the chest, between the lungs, and resting on the diaphragm—Pooh! Brame's was in his breeches pocket. Prior to his election, there was an amusing exhibition of the struggle between

a hankering after official station, and a horror of pecuniary outlay. Previous to the 9th of November, a private conclave was held, at which many 'incidental matters' were quietly discussed and comfortably arranged unsuspected by the multitude, —and among the rest, that Brame should be mayor. On being apprised of what was intended, the future 'Worshipful' seemed moody and uneasy—his sharp features looked more than ordinarily hungry and apprehensive—his air resembled that of a man who couldn't command five shillings in the world. At length he nervously inquired 'the probable expense?' —'You cannot possibly be out of pocket,' was the whispered response of a friend. Brame's countenance cleared; and he was all alive for the remainder of the sitting. He was an abstemious man—always fit for business, and always ready to engage in it. Law was his element. For it alone he seemed to live. His line of connection was good: and among others, the late Sir Robert Harland, that desperate game preserver, was a valuable client."

Late in May 1851 I paid the wealthy attorney my last visit. He wished to make some inquiries which he did not choose to commit to paper, relative to the health and habits of a party who enjoyed for life an annuity together with a pretty cottage and some land at Kirton, under the will of a preceding rector. These answered, he alluded to Prince Albert's projected visit to Ipswich; expressed his thankfulness—the old leaven still at work!—that

he was not mayor of the borough on so costly an an occasion; and his regret that their late high steward, Sir Robert Harland, was not alive to bear a part in the ceremonial. He then contrived to bring up the old topic—the wrongs of the "working* clergy;" the enormous incomes of the bishops; their patronage; and the way they exercised it. I asked him if he had ever heard of a bishop—but recently deceased†—who had held his see for twenty-one years, who, during that time had never bestowed a living on *any relative*, though he had nephews and other connections in holy orders duly qualified for such appointments, but had constantly sought out meritorious curates for vacant benefices, and had uniformly acted on the principle, "*detur digniori!*"

He replied, sneeringly, that "in these days such a man would be a world's wonder: as for myself, I believed the fable no doubt; but that *he* could not persuade himself such a phœnix had ever existed." We parted. I left him sitting in that little murky den of his, before his antiquated, worm-eaten, crazy-looking secretaire; buried up to his ears in papers; surrounded by furniture extravagantly dear

* One of the cant phrases of the day. The labors of many a dignitary, especially of the episcopal order, would sustain comparison with those of the so-called "working clergy."

† Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff. The annual value of the see never averaged 1000*l.*; his charities *always* exceeded this amount. In one year he expended in donations and subscriptions, public and *private*, connected with his diocese, 1332*l.* Let this be fairly stated and remembered when the outcry is again raised about the incomes of the bishops.

at three crowns; and having at his back a grate, of which, in the coldest day in winter, a lady's work-basket would have cleverly held the entire contents. The very aspect of such a hearth made one shiver!

Within a few weeks afterwards he was attacked with symptoms of paralysis. But gain he could not forego; and business was still his pastime. He clung to it almost to the last. After his attack, a gentleman, on legal matters, called upon him; was admitted; Brame proceeded to business; though he could with the greatest difficulty write at all; and only then by making the left hand grasp firmly, and slowly move, the right. His visitor expressed his regret at seeing him so feeble. He replied, he "was suffering from rheumatism in his wrists—nothing more; he should shake it off in a few days. His doctor looked serious; but he (B.) attached no importance to it."

Some twenty-four hours afterwards he lay insensible on his bed; a few days elapsed; and that world to which he clung had passed from him for ever.

Upon perusal of the testamentary papers after the funeral, it was found that on the 12th of August, 1846, he had entered into a covenant with Messrs. William Henry Alexander, Frederick Alexander, and George Alexander, that he would, within twelve months, invest at interest the sum of 60,000*l.*, in 3 per cent. consolidated annuities; or in case that he should not invest the same in his lifetime, then that his executors should do so within twelve months after his decease; but subject to his testamentary

and funeral expenses, and certain legacies or annuities by his will given, or settled by any deed. The interest on this large sum was to be thus expended:—

To pay *for ever* to the incumbent and churchwardens of St. Peter's, in Ipswich, the sum of 13*l.* yearly, to be laid out in the purchase of good wheaten bread, to be distributed, *on the Sunday of every week*, to the deserving poor of the parish. To pay the further sum of 13*l.* to the same parish, to be distributed on the day after Christmas day, *in every year*, in coals, amongst the deserving poor of the same parish. And as to the surplus of the interest of the said sum of 60,000*l.*, that his trustees—whom he names—or the survivor of them, Mr. Jeremiah Head, Mr. J. B. Alexander, Mr. S. B. Jackaman, and Mr. T. B. Ross, and the curate or incumbent of the parish of St. Mary Quay, and four of the trustees of Tooley's Charity (to be appointed by the said J. Head, J. B. Alexander, S. B. Jackaman, and T. B. Ross), shall pay, in the parish church of St. Mary Quay, to a certain number of poor persons belonging to the several parishes of Ipswich (to be selected by the trustees), the clear sum of seven shillings each, on the Friday morning *in every week*, provided that the recipients be not in the receipt of parochial relief. By the will, and quite irrespective of the above deed of settlement, the deceased has also bequeathed the following legacies:—

To the Red Sleeve School, 19*l.* 19*s.*; to the Lancastrian School, 10*l.*; to the Lying-in Charity, 10*l.*; to the Friendly Society, 19*l.* 19*s.*; to the Suffolk Auxiliary Bible Society, 10*l.*; to the Poor Church

Clergy Society, 50*l.*; and to the East Suffolk l pital, 50*l.*

Some other portions of the will were ra curious. He left his next of kin and representa a poor but very honest fellow who earned his b as a letter-carrier in Ipswich, 250*l.*; and the sum to each of his two sisters. To a young l his godchild, he bequeathed 1000*l.* His servai he kept but one—who had lived with him n years, and who had had no light task in humo his various peculiarities, was remembered with annuity of 100*l.* per annum; with his house for residence, together with all that it contained; which provision became forfeited if she married an unjust and ungenerous stipulation, only prov tive of evil. It was odd that an abstemious like himself should leave behind him upward eighty dozen of port, he himself invariably drin sherry; and as droll that, in the will of so acu lawyer, all mention should be omitted of his wi It was believed that they would pass as chatte the party to whom he had willed his house. ' his wine was not likely to diminish speedily i the number of his guests, may be gathered from following fact.

Two elderly ladies from the country, who known him many years, wrote him, much to surprise, to say that they should, on a certain e ing, call and take tea with him. The evening named was so nigh at hand, as to leave no op tunity for declining the proffered courtesy. T

called, and were received. He entertained them very gravely, very formally, and very sparingly; and, on their taking their departure, told them, "they must think much of their visit, since they were the first and only ladies he had received as guests within his house since the death of Mrs. Brame," an event which had occurred some fifteen years before!

His funeral took place at St. Peter's church, whither he was attended by a train of mourners, who betrayed no very outrageous symptoms of grief. Whether the large sum he left behind him will not be turned to a political account in a borough so notoriously venal as Ipswich, may be questioned. The will, and the purposes to which the property was dedicated, took those who knew the donor best by surprise.

Whether, at the last, conscience reproached him for a life so singularly barren of benevolent acts; whether the Romanists' idea was his, that money left to the poor will greatly avail in warding off punishment; whether he imagined that posthumous benefactions will atone for a life of practical inhumanity; or whether his aim was to go down to posterity as "an Ipswich worthy" of most benevolent impulses,—is known only to the great Searcher of hearts. We will adopt the most charitable conclusion. We will hope that religious feelings at last swayed him; that he desired to make atonement, and would fain do good when in his grave.

A meritorious conclusion! But ah! his is a wiser

policy who is his own executor; who acts in the spirit of Zaccheus,—"If I have done any wrong to any man, I restore him fourfold;" who *daily* strives to diminish the mass of misery that surrounds him, to walk in the steps of his Divine Master, and to glorify him "in his body and in his spirit, which are God's."

CHAPTER X.

EARL NELSON.

E who maintain that the character is formed by
influences, must occasionally be puzzled to
good their creed. Two boys shall be brought
the humble parsonage of some retired village;
be subjected to the same parental discipline;
ıcted by the same teacher; shall listen to the
ath ministrations of the same pastor; shall be
ı to the pursuit of virtue by the same inspiriting
ple, and deterred from the seductions of vice
.e same earnest and affectionate warnings; their
ıtages, privations, indulgences shall be the same.
s roll on. The boys become men. The characters
e two shall be devoid of all resemblance. One
be all kindness, generosity, and disinterested-
; devoted to his country, and affectionately
ful of his parents, family, and kindred. The
shall grow up callous, worldly, calculating,
less; absorbed in the project of enriching and
ting himself, and utterly indifferent to the
s, or sorrows, or claims of those connected with

Where can a stronger contrast be found than
een the characters of Horatio and William
on—between Horatio the viscount and William
arl—between the sailor and the clergyman?
he *latter* we now speak. The Rev. William

Nelson, D. D., *first* Earl Nelson, was born April 20, 1757.

Passing over the unimportant events of childhood, an unambitious career at the university, and his admission to holy orders by Bishop Yonge in 1780, we find him first at Burnham Thorpe, assisting his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, in the cure of that parish. Then, as detailed in the hero's letters, comes the passionate desire to be appointed a naval chaplain; which fancy Nelson thus combats from Kentish Town, August 24, 1781:—

"I have talked with Mr. Suckling about your going chaplain in the navy; and he thinks, as I do, that 50*l.* where you are is much more than equal to what you can get at sea: but in that I know you will please yourself, therefore shall not attempt to state any argument to *dissuade* you from it. Your own judgment must rule you."

From Woolwich, in the following September, the subject is again adverted to:—

"I will do what lays in my power towards the completion of your wishes. * As to my real opinion whether or no you will like it, I say, as I always did, that it is five to one you will not. If you get with a good man and with gentlemen, it will be tolerable; if not, you will soon detest it."

Nelson's representations to his brother, derived from personal observation of the various *desagrémens* attendant on the post of naval chaplain, do not appear to have deterred him from his pursuit of that

* Being a naval chaplain.

appointment. We find the sailor thus writing to the ecclesiastic towards the close of the same year.

"*Albemarle*, Yarmouth Roads, Dec. 18, 1781.

"I hope you have lost all ideas of going to sea; for the more I see of chaplains of men-of-war, the mere I dread seeing my brother in such a disagreeablo station of life."

The spring of 1783 witnessed his preferment to the living of Little Brandon.

In the following year his gallant brother was appointed to the Boreas: and the clergyman then carried his point. Nelson's vessel was bound to the Leeward Islands; and in the month of May in that year we find the rector of Little Brandon walking the quarter deck of the Boreas as naval chaplain.

The brothers did not sail long together. The health of the younger gave way under the trying climate of the West Indies; and he returned to England in the autumn of the same year.*

His post on board the Boreas was unquestionably that of chaplain, for we find Nelson thus writing him in September, 1785:—

"You may be assured I will keep you upon the books as long as I can; but it depends entirely upon the Admiral, and we are not upon the very best terms . . . . . When the twelve months are expired I will send your certificate. I am not quite sure about the paying you, for the muster-master has checked you absent without leave since the 1st of October, nor can I help it."

* September, 1784.

Again:—

Dec. 15, 1785.

"We are all well on board, and every body desires their kind remembrance *to the bishop!* You are still upon the books as chaplain. You will accumulate a fortune if you proceed this way."

His connection with the service terminated in the October of the ensuing year. We find Nelson thus announcing the fact to the *ci-devant* chaplain during the Christmas week of 1786:—

"Your name is not now upon the books: you were discharged on the 4th of October."

Early in the ensuing month the marriage of Mr. Nelson took place. His bride was Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Henry Yonge, vicar of Great Torrington, in the county of Devon.

The only male issue of this marriage was Horatio, subsequently Lord Trafalgar; to whom Nelson, in one of his few mirthful moments, makes the following sportive allusion:—

"*Captain*, between Bastia and Leghorn,
"Aug. 18, 1796.

"I thank my nephew* for his letter; and if he works as hard in the Church as I have done on the sea, he may become *a bishop!*"

Bent on his own advancement, and resolute to amass wealth, Mr. Nelson seems on no occasion to

* Then but seven years old; died, at the age of twenty, unmarried.

have hesitated to make the gallantry and services of his sailor-brother * ancillary to his rise in the Church. The Admiral had obtained from the Chancellor for Suckling Nelson, his youngest brother, the living of Burnham; but the elder's craving for preferment was still unsatisfied; and, at his instance, the following found its way to Lord Loughborough:—

"*To the Right Honorable the Lord Chancellor.*

"141 Bond Street, Dec. 2, 1797.

"My Lord,

"Your goodness in further offering to serve my relatives, was much more than I had any reason to hope or expect; but, in consequence of it, I wrote to my brother, the Rev. William Nelson, of Christ's

* Throughout Nelson's letters may be traced the most generous attention to the wants of his family, and a noble promptitude in sharing with them whatever good fortune attended him. Thus, on the grant of 10,000*l.* from the East India Company, we find him writing to his deeply injured and uncomplaining wife, Lady Nelson:—

"Naples, July 14, 1799.

"I never regarded money, nor wanted it for my own use; therefore, as the East India Company have made me so magnificent a present, I beg that 2000*l.* of it may be disposed of in the following manner:—500*l.* to my father; 500*l.* to be made up to Mr. Bolton, his brother-in-law, and let it be a *god-send* without any restriction; 500*l.* to Maurice; and 500*l.* *to William.*" On another occasion he thus addresses his confidential agent Mr. Davidson:—

"*St. George*, 10 o'clock, March 11, 1801.

"Situated as I am, will you give Mrs. *William* Nelson for me 100*l.*? She is in London by my desire."

College, Cambridge, and rector of Hilboro' in Norfolk. His wish and mind was for *a stall at Norwich;* but as that is out of the question, any residentiary stall will be acceptable; the nearer Norfolk the more agreeable.

"I have the honor, &c.

"HORATIO NELSON."

On the 15th of July, 1802, Dr. Harward's death caused a vacancy in the deanery of Exeter. Lord Nelson was apprised of the event, and made application to Mr. Addington that his brother might be nominated Dr. Harward's successor. The request was one which it was deemed impossible or inconvenient to comply with. But the period of Dr. Nelson's probation as an importunate suppliant for preferment at the Prime Minister's door, was drawing to a close. On the 24th of May, 1803, he was gazetted Prebendary of Canterbury.

To this issue of innumerable applications Lord Nelson thus pointedly refers:—

"*Victory*, Jan. 11, 1804.

"With respect to Tom,* although I do not know if it be absolutely in my power to say I will entirely keep him at college, yet you may be sure of my assistance; and when poor Blindy† goes the way of all flesh, and, please God, some other vacancies which at present drain my pocket very deeply, I shall be more at my ease in pecuniary matters, and of course

* His nephew, afterwards second Earl Nelson.

† The widow of his brother Maurice Nelson.

better able to afford pecuniary assistance. You know, my dear sister, how I have *teazed and teazed for that paltry prebendary.*"*

Meanwhile Nelson had formed his guilty attachment for Lady Hamilton, whose husband held the post of British ambassador at the court of Naples. However deserving of censure Lady Hamilton's private life may be—however lengthened and unblushing the immoralities which marked it—with whatever amount of condemnation we may visit her estrangement of the hero's affections from the ill-used and irreproachable† Lady Nelson, and the shameless effrontery with which she exhibited him in her toils —let us do her justice. On more than one occasion, during periods of emergency, she rendered opportune and important services to England. It will not be difficult to establish this assertion.

One morning Lady Hamilton received intelligence that a courier had brought to the king of Naples a private letter from the king of Spain. What were its contents? Lady Hamilton could not guess, but she was resolved to ascertain. By the aid of the queen the document was stolen from the king, transcribed by the ambassador's wife, and then quietly deposited again in the king's cabinet or waistcoat pocket. The letter had been worth the stealing. It

* At Canterbury, for his brother Dr. Nelson.

† "I will only say, on this sad subject, that Lord Nelson always bore testimony to the merits of Lady Nelson, and declared, in parting from her, that he had not one single complaint to make—that in temper, person, and in mind she was *every thing he could wish.*"—LADY BERRY'S *Letters*, wife of Captain Sir Edward Berry.

announced the king of Spain's determination to "withdraw from the coalition into which he had entered," and to join the French against England. The vigilant woman lost not a moment. Sir W. Hamilton lay dangerously ill; but taking counsel of herself, she at once despatched a copy of the declaration to Lord Grenville, the minister in England, and, from *her own private purse*, paid 400*l.* in order to *insure the delivery* into his Lordship's hands.

Again, in June, 1798, Nelson was in pursuit of the French fleet, which he discovered towards the end of July, and battered to his heart's content on the 1st of August. But what—if any—share had Lady Hamilton in his success? One morning in June the English ambassador and his wife were aroused from their slumbers by the arrival of Captain Troubridge with letters from Nelson "requesting that the ambassador would procure him permission to enter with his fleet into Naples, or any of the Sicilian ports, to provision, water, &c., as otherwise he must run for Gibraltar, being in urgent want, and that consequently he would be obliged to give over all further pursuit of the French fleet, which he had missed at Egypt, on account of their having put into Malta."

A pressing but impracticable request!

At that time Naples was at peace with France. A French ambassador was resident at the Neapolitan capital. Nay, more. Ferdinand had pledged himself to France that *no more than two* English ships of war should enter into *any* of the Neapolitan or Sicilian ports. A council was held. The king presided. Its decision, after an hour and a half's

debate, was unfavourable to Nelson's request. Lady Hamilton anticipated this deplorable result from the gloom which rested on the countenances of the king and his prime minister when proceeding to the council. "She at once sought the queen; threw herself on her knees; and in the most energetic terms told her royal mistress that the fate of the Two Sicilies now depended on her resolution; the council were sitting; let them decide upon negative or half measures, and the family of Ferdinand was doomed. The great French force must be followed. It could not be pursued unless the English fleet obtained supplies in the Sicilian ports. If allowed to escape —the peril not to England, *but to Naples*, could not be overrated. Her Majesty, with a stroke of the pen, could be her own deliverer. Why hesitate? Her sign-manual was respected throughout the king's dominions. A line—and her country, her husband, and his crown were rescued from destruction. . . . The ambassadress dictated; and the queen, in her own autograph, directed 'all governors of the Two Sicilies to receive with hospitality the British fleet, *to water, victual, and aid them.*' Lady Hamilton enclosed that order to Nelson, and bade him commit the queen no further than the glory and service of England required."

Nelson answered, that if he gained a battle it should be called her's and the queen's, for to them alone would his country be indebted for the victory.

The battle and triumph of the Nile followed; but had his fleet not been furnished with the necessaries

of life at Syracuse, the battle would not have been fought.

The tact, promptitude, and energy of the English ambassadress were again displayed in 1798. To them must, under God, be ascribed the preservation of the king and queen of Naples. A rupture with France was the result of the supplies furnished to Nelson. "In December, in that year* the French were marching on the capital, and the king and queen were obliged to decamp. But for Lady Hamilton, beyond all doubt, the royal personages would have fallen a sacrifice to popular fury. Her energy and fidelity at this emergency are beyond all praise. The royal family, their property, their immediate friends were to be conveyed from the palace to British ships waiting to receive them; and not a score of the king's subjects could be asked to help in the undertaking. The labour was performed by Lady Hamilton alone. Her genius devised the plan. Her activity rendered it successful.

"Lady Hamilton,"—the account is Southey's,—"like a heroine of romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage leading from the palace to the sea-side: through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest specimens of painting and sculpture, and other property to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships."

During the whole proceeding the movements of Lady Hamilton, as well as those of her husband,

* 1798.

were closely watched, but ineffectually. The loss which awaited them was great. In order to lull suspicion and prevent discovery the ambassador was obliged to abandon his house, and to leave behind him, belonging to himself, property amounting to 10,000*l.*, and movables to the value of 9000*l.* the property of his wife. This zeal, this activity, this noble forgetfulness of self, were never recognized. The sole reward of Sir William and his wife lay in this,—that they had the satisfaction of leading the king, the queen, the royal children, on board the Vanguard, whence Nelson landed them safely at Palermo.

These services, so various and so opportunely rendered, were never forgotten by Nelson.

On the 21st of October, 1805, and on board the Victory, "then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles," Lord Nelson retired to his cabin, and made a codicil to his will. He recorded the services performed by Lady Hamilton, and then wrote as follows:—

"Could I have rewarded those services, I would not *now* call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life."

Within a few hours after his signing this document, a shot from the mizen top of the Redoubtable had done its work, and England's greatest naval hero was gone.

His codicil proved waste paper. His last im-

ploring accents passed into the air. We do not apologise for the government that took no heed of the last breath of Nelson; but, on behalf of humanity, we ask pardon for the treachery of the man who kept back the codicil.

Captain Blackwood, faithful to his friend, brought home that document after the battle of Trafalgar, and placed it in the hands of the Reverend William Nelson, the brother of the admiral, and subsequently earl of the name. At this period *the reverend gentleman, his wife, and family, were residing with Lady Hamilton, and had partaken of her hospitality for many months. Indeed for six years his daughter had been consigned exclusively to Lady Hamilton's care.* The reverend gentleman, fearful that the codicil would affect the sum about to be voted by parliament for Lord Nelson's family, quietly kept it in his pocket until the day when 120,000*l.* were duly voted for their support. On that day he dined with Lady Hamilton in Clarges Street, and with the satisfaction of a man amply provided for, produced the paper, and sarcastically told his hostess to "do what she liked with it." Lady Hamilton registered it at Doctors' Commons the very next day.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add, that all the good and great people who flocked round Lady Hamilton during the lifetime of Nelson, became all at once shocked at the improprieties of a lady left destitute. As for the Reverend William Nelson, who tumbled into the title and fortune which Lady Hamilton had helped to earn, that respectable gentleman very properly removed his daughter from her

instructress's roof, without even condescending to give the usual quarter's notice. In the year 1801, the Reverend William Nelson, writing to Lady Hamilton, took occasion to observe that—

"Now we have secured the peerage, we have only *one* thing to ask, and that is, my promotion in the Church" (*the old story*) "handsomely and honourably, such as becomes Lord Nelson's brother and heir apparent to the title. No put off with small beggarly stalls. Mr. Addington must be kept steady to that point. I am sure *Nelson* is doing everything he can for him. But a word is enough for your good, sensible heart."

In 1805 there was nothing to ask, and the Reverend Mr. Nelson forgot that Lady Hamilton had a heart at all.

One word, and we take final leave of this too celebrated woman.

"After Lady Hamilton's death,"—I quote from Pettigrew's life,—"Earl Nelson went over to Calais, to demand Lady Hamilton's property, but found only the duplicates of trinkets, &c. pledged, and which he wished to take away without payment. He declined *repaying any expenses* that had been incurred."

The provision voted by Parliament for the maintenance of the earldom, now first created, was an annuity of 5000*l.* per annum, settled on William Earl Nelson and all his successors in the title; a grant of 99,000*l.* to purchase an estate; and a further sum of 15,000*l.* to each of his two sisters. On his (Nelson's) widow was bestowed an annuity of

2000*l.* per annum; but in the lavish distribution of honours which followed, that exemplary woman and *her only son, but* FOR WHOM there would have been *no* Victor of the Nile and *no* Hero of Trafalgar, were passed over,—an instance of ungracious neglect in the government of the day, since it was by CAPTAIN NESBIT that Nelson's life at Santa Cruz was *preserved for the victories* of Aboukir and Trafalgar. To Nelson's own statements and private letters may be safely left the task of substantiating this apparently daring assertion.

To Sir John Jervis.

"*Theseus*, July 27, 1797.

"My dear Sir,

"I am become a burden to my friends, and useless to my country; but by my letter wrote the 24th, you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nesbit. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence, and am no more seen. If from poor Bowen's loss, you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it; *the boy is under obligations to me*, but he REPAID ME *by bringing me from the Mole of Santa Cruz.*

"Your most obliged and faithful

"HORATIO NELSON."

To Lady Nelson.

"*Theseus*, at sea, Aug. 3 to 16, 1797.

"My dearest Fanny,

"I am so confident of your affection, that I feel the pleasure you will receive will be equal whether my letter is wrote by my right hand or left. It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that *Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life.* . . . . . I beg neither you or my father will think much of this mishap; my mind has long been made up to such an event. God bless you, and believe me

"Your most affectionate husband,

"HORATIO NELSON."

To the Rev. Mr. Nelson, Hillborough.

"Bath, Sept. 6, 1797.

"My dear Brother,

"Yesterday brought me your truly affectionate letter. As to my personal health, it never was better, and my arm is in the fairest way of soon healing. . . . . I left Captain Nesbit perfectly well. *He saved my life by his recollection in stopping the bleeding.*

"Believe me

"Your most affectionate brother,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Attended by his step-son, Nelson had proceeded from the Seahorse to the Mole of Santa Cruz, and had there received his severe wound (a grape-shot) through the right elbow, (the same fire having wounded seven other men in their right arms,) as he was in the act of drawing his sword, and stepping out of the boat. This sword, which he had so long and deservedly valued from respect to his uncle, Maurice Suckling, was grasped, when falling, in his left hand, notwithstanding the agony he endured. Lieutenant Nesbit, who had remained close to him, saw his step-father wounded from the tremendous fire of the Spaniards, and heard him exclaim, 'I am shot through the arm: I am a dead man!' Nesbit placed him at the bottom of the boat, and observing that the sight of the quantity of blood which had gushed from the shattered arm seemed to increase the faintness, he took off his hat to conceal it. He then, with great presence of mind, examined the state of the wound; and, holding the shattered arm so as to staunch the blood, he took some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, and bound them tightly above the lacerated vessels: but for this attention, Nelson must have perished."

How determined Nesbit was not to be separated from his step-father in the hour of peril may be gathered from the following incident:—

Nelson, on leaving the Theseus, being sensible of the extreme danger to which he was about to be exposed, called his son-in-law, Lieutenant Nesbit, who had the watch on deck, into the cabin, that he might assist in arranging and burning his mother's let-

ters; when, perceiving that the young man was armed, he begged of him earnestly to remain behind, adding, "Should we both fall, Josiah, what would become of your poor mother? The care of the Theseus falls to you; stay, therefore, and take charge of her." "Sir," replied Nesbit, "the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night, if I never go again."

Well might William the Fourth revert to this incident in addressing the widowed viscountess, at the interview which took place between them at the king's special desire at the Gloucester Hotel, Brighton,—an interview which must have recalled the past vividly to both. The monarch, as a dauntless officer, had served under her husband, had been his firm friend through life, had been present at her wedding, and had *given her away* as Nelson's bride. The mirthful sailor was now a Sovereign, and she a childless widow. At this interview, glancing at Captain Nesbit's children, the king remarked, with great feeling,—"The country owed him a deep debt of gratitude;—had there been no Nesbit at Santa Cruz, there would have been no Nelson to win Trafalgar!" Is it too much to hope that Captain Nesbit's long-forgotten services should be acknowledged in the person of *one* of his children?

To return to the Earl.

He was now amply provided for, both by the State and in the Church; and though Lady Hamilton's claims were spurned, he would undoubtedly aid those whom Nelson, when living, had anxiously protected,—Old Blindy, for instance, the widow of his brother

Maurice, to whom the hero so often and earnestly refers?

To Alexander Davison, Esq.

"March 28, 1804.

"Poor old blind Mrs. Nelson is, I hear, something in debt. If the sum is not very large, I intend to pay it for her. I have desired dear Lady Hamilton to inquire; therefore, if within bounds, pay it for me."

To the same.

"*Victory*, April 19, 1804.

"I have written to you before respecting paying poor blind Mrs. Nelson's debts, if within the bounds of reason and my fortune."

To the same.

"Merton, Sept. 6, 1805.

"I send you a memorandum I am sure you will comply with. Poor blind Mrs. Nelson I must assist this morning. A Mr. Brand, an apothecary, called upon me for 133*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* as due from my brother Maurice to him. I shall refer him to you; and if it is a just demand, he must have it. I shall leave the bill in St. James's Square."

To the same.

"*Victory*, Sept. 16, 1805, off Portland.

"Poor blind Mrs. Nelson, I have given 150*l.* to pay her debts, and I intend to pay her house rent in future (in addition to the 200*l.* a year), which I take will be about 40*l.* a year."

"*Victory*, March 14, 1804, off Toulon.

"Although I cannot well afford it, yet I could not bear that poor blind Mrs. Nelson should be in want in her old days, and sell her plate; therefore if you* will find out what are her debts, if they come within my power, I will certainly pay them."

Fortunately for poor "Blindy," the compassionate Nelson had bequeathed to her 100*l.* per annum, so that after his death the pressure of poverty was not added to the quenchless and inconsolable sorrow with which, to her last hour, she mourned his loss. But her comforter was *not* Earl Nelson. The party who took care of Nelson's favourite — who watched over poor "Blindy's" waning hours—who prevented her being handed over to the tender mercies of hired menials — was not Nelson's brother and *heir*, but — Lady Hamilton!

Yet if regardless of those whom Nelson loved and protected, doubtless the Earl was jealous of that brothers's posthumous fame, and anxious at all times to do ample honour to his memory? Let us see. Thus runs his Lordship's reply to a proposition

* Lady Hamilton.

submitted to him respecting the erection of a monument to Nelson in the county of Norfolk.

To Lieutenant-General Money.

"18 Charles Street, Berkeley Square,
"London, Jan. 23, 1806.

"Sir,

"There may be objections against Burnham Thorpe, as being an obscure and remote village; and there may be reasons in its favour, as having given birth to one of the greatest of heroes. I candidly confess the bias of my mind at present leads me to the latter, as I well knew the affection he had for the place of his nativity; and I verily believe, could he look out of his grave, he would say Burnham Thorpe. His remains would have been laid there, had not his Majesty been graciously pleased to direct otherwise. With this impression on my mind, I am sorry to differ from the respectable noblemen and gentlemen who compose the committee; and I intend some time or other, if not done by the county, *according to the means I may have in my power, to erect at Burnham Thorpe* a small though inadequate tribute to the glorious memory of my late most dear and most honoured brother, possibly in the garden belonging to the parsonage house, on the very spot where he was born.

"I have the honour, &c. &c.

"NELSON."

It was never done. The monument at Burnham Thorpe has still to be erected. The Earl *never* "had the means in his power" to raise a memorial, in "the place of his nativity," to the memory of "one of the greatest of heroes."

But if apathetic and indifferent on most points, probably he was easily moved on this,—viz. when those who had fought with, or under, Nelson applied to him? In 1811 a near connection of a naval officer, to whom Nelson had been very kind, applied in a moment of necessity to the wealthy Earl. He was then in residence as one of the prebends of Canterbury. He had lost his only son, Lord Trafalgar, in 1808: one child only remained —a daughter. His reply was a denial: and thus concluded:—

"The country has not done for me what it ought; I do not hold the preferment which I should; and as for helping those who were known to or favoured by my late ever-to-be-lamented brother, it is quite out of the question, and a great presumption, as I have often said. You must apply, sir, elsewhere for aid; for my means are very limited, and must be reserved."

Very limited!! Poor man!

Thoughtful reader, one word of earnest entreaty —*don't pray for riches.*

Pray—if you will—for a spirit alive to others' sorrows, and desirous to bear other's burdens: pray for a mind gentle and accessible; pray for a spirit "easy to be entreated," but never pray for opulence and honours, lest the prayer be heard,

and the price of their possesion be—a haughty spirit; a heart seared and callous, unmoved by the cry of sorrow, and absorbed in the contemplation of self.

Such "have their portion in this life;" but what *beyond it?*

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTOPHER TANCRED—THE POOR SCHOLAR'S PATRON, AND THE REDUCED MERCHANT'S PROTECTOR.

WITH all imaginable respect for that irascible, grumbling, and much aggrieved gentleman, John Bull, it must be admitted that importunity subdues him. It was importunity that repealed the Corn Laws—emancipated the Roman Catholics—carried the Reform Bill. Iteration and persistency overpower the old boy. As with politics, so with charity, importunity is all powerful. The clamorous, the noisy, the persevering, carry the day. The sorrow that weeps apart,—the penury that parades not its sufferings,—the privation that endures in silence,—these too often pass unheeded and unrelieved. Here and there, "few and far between," may be found an Institution which shelters undeserved misfortune, and succors those who have known better days.

Tancred's Hospital, at Whixley, is one.

Whixley, anciently Quixley, situated on the Roman Road leading from York to Aldborough, was for several ages the seat of a younger branch of the Tancred family. CHRISTOPHER TANCRED—great grandson to Sir Richard Tancred, who was knighted on the Restoration for his services and sufferings during the Rebellion—died unmarried in

August, 1754. By his will, he left his house and estate at Whixley for the maintenance of twelve decayed gentlemen,—four in each of the three learned professions*—aged fifty years and upwards, and unmarried. Each pensioner enjoys an income of about 60*l.* per annum, from which 24*l.* 5*s.* is handed over to one of their number who is styled Warden, and who defrays the common charges of their diet. The remainder is paid into their own hands. A separate apartment is assigned to each, and the whole company, if in health, dine together every day. No provision seems to have been lost sight of that could contribute to their comfort, physical and spiritual. That they may have exercise at will, two large, warm, and sheltered gardens are at their command; while the consolations of religion, so specially needed by the aged, the feeble, and the sorrow-stricken are supplied by the stated ministrations of an attentive chaplain.

The hall at Whixley Manor is twenty-seven feet square, extremely lofty, and ornamented with twelve fluted pilasters with Corinthian capitals. The dining room is thirty feet by eighteen. The drawing room eighteen feet by twelve. In the chapel, twenty-seven feet by twenty-one, is a handsome pulpit and reading-desk. The furniture at Whixley is simply such as is deemed necessary for its present inmates. There are a few pictures of the ancestors of the family, and also a very remarkable one of Thomas

* It is now thrown open to necessitous gentlemen, clergymen, and commissioned land officers or sea officers born in Great Britain.

Pouter, a swine-herd to Sir Richard Tancred, with a date 1664.

The Whixley Manor Charity appears to have been the result of mature and anxious consideration on the part of the benevolent founder. The original endowment was made by deed of settlement, dated June, 1721. A further endowment was provided by will, dated May, 1746. There are certain peculiarities about these documents which throw some little light on the character of the founder. He directs that Whixley Manor House is to be called "TANCRED'S HOSPITAL," and its inmates "Tancred's Pensioners;" that the buildings are to be kept in repair, and *in no respect altered;* that the curate of Whixley shall read prayers morning and evening at *six*, in the chapel of the hospital; and that a sermon shall be preached there on the anniversary of the founder's death: for this he bequeaths the annual sum of 10*l.* He stipulates that his pensioners shall be natives of—that is, actually born in—Great Britain; shall reside continuously in Whixley Manor House; that non-residents shall be incapable of the charity; that married men shall be ineligible for election, and that the appointment shall be vacated by marriage. He directs also that all elections shall take place within twenty-eight days after the occurrence of a vacancy; that this rule shall apply to pensioners as well as students. Fot not on the aged, and the reduced, and the unfortunate, did this considerate man exhaust his benevolence. It extended to the young and the aspiring. He founded twelve studentships—four in divinity at Christ's

College, Cambridge; four at Caius College, in the same University, in physic; and four in law at Lincoln's Inn, of which he was a bencher—for young men of such slender means as forbad their obtaining the requisite amount of education for their contemplated profession without the aid of the charity.

The extensive benefit conferred by the generous bencher on the studious and aspiring will appear from the following list of *some* of the eminent men who were in early life law-students on Tancred's foundation:—

Sir Soulden Lawrence, Judge of the Court of King's Bench in 1794; Charles Warren, Esq., King's Counsel, Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, M.P., and Chief Justice of Chester; William Courtenay, Esq., afterwards a Master in Chancery, now Earl of Devon; Henry William Tancred, Esq., Queen's Counsel, Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and M.P. for Banbury; Henry John Shepherd, Esq., Queen's Counsel, Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and late Commissioner of Bankrupts; J. S. M. Fonblanque, Esq., Commissioner of Bankrupts; Sir John Bayley, Bart.; John Lucius Dampier, Esq., Vice Warden of the Stannaries, and Secretary to the Oxford and Cambridge Universities Commission; Edward Jacob, Esq., Queen's Counsel, Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and one of the most gifted men the Bar ever possessed; and Adam Washington, a learned and eminent conveyancer, whose memory is still fresh in the recollection of those who were conversant with his worth. The income of each divinity studentship now exceeds 100*l.*

per annum, and is tenable till M.A. The emoluments of the medical studentships each amount annually to 113*l.* 8*s.*, and are tenable for eight years. The law studentships are of nearly similar value. For Christ's College the benevolent bencher appears to have entertained a strong predilection. He attached to that foundation a scholarship, annual value 35*l.*, with preference to a native of Newmarket: left to the master 10*l.* yearly; and to the thirteen fellows on the foundations of Margaret Countess of Richmond, and Edward the Sixth, 5*l.* each.

His desire that his memory should not pass into oblivion is evidenced by the fact, that apart from the commemorative sermon in the hospital chapel at Whixley, on the anniversary of his death, he enjoins that at Caius, at Christ's, and at Lincoln's Inn, speeches shall be annually delivered by a Tancred student on a certain fixed day in remembrance of the founder.

He would seem to have cultivated literature, inasmuch as he was the author of a pamphlet bearing this title:—"A Scheme for an Act of Parliament for the better regulating Servants, and ascertaining their Wages, and lessening the future growth of the Poor and Vagrants of the Kingdom. Humbly offered to the consideration of the Parliament of Great Britain, by Christopher Tancred, Esq., of Whixley, in the county of York."

Beyond all question the bencher of Lincoln's Inn was a law reformer; and, curious enough, in a thin duodecima, published as long since as 1727, may be seen the germs of several of the new enactments of

modern days. It is entitled "An Essay for a General Regulation of the Law, and the more easy and speedy Advancement of Justice. Addressed to the Right Hon. Peter Lord King, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, by Christopher Tancred, Esq., of Whixley. Second edition. Printed by Austin, 1727."

In this brochure the writer points out in bold and manly terms several grievances connected with the administration of the law which, in his view, require redress.

He asserts that "the greatest deformity and grievance in the structure of our Commonwealth" arise from different blots and blemishes which he enumerates to the number of THIRTY, and discusses each under its separate head. Some few of these shall be quoted: and the legal reader must decide for himself whether the heading of Sections XIII. and XX. does or does not in some degree foreshadow the determination recently arrived at to watch and punish the crime of perjury; and whether in the heading of Section XX. may not be found the germ of the County Court Act.

He maintains that great evils arise to the community—

Sect. XIII.—From not inflicting a higher penalty on *the crime of perjury*, on which the lives and properties of the subjects so much depend.

Sect. XX.—From the want of suppressing the many *inferior courts of the kingdom**, proved so INFAMOUS AND CORRUPT *by their proceedings*, and

* *Query.*—Any foreshadowing of "Jacob Omnium," and the "Palace Court" of Westminster?

appropriating the decision of all disputes, under a reasonable value, to one *convenient court of judicature in the county* where they arise, where there would be *an easy expense and a quick circuit of justice.*

Sect. XXIII.—From the expensive and voluminous method of conveyancing.

Sect. XXVII.—From the want of a general register of the kingdom, there to record all securities whatever affecting any lands and hereditaments within the same, by which all prior incumbrances might, at first view, appear, and consequently numerous suits touching fraudulent and defective titles be prevented.

The volume is addressed mainly to Lord King, —and in more pages than one there occur statements well worthy of the profession and station of the writer. He was neither unwilling nor afraid to speak out. The following is a manly sentiment right boldly expressed:—

"And though the perusal of this Essay may interfere somewhat with your Lordship's time, which may be justly esteemed to be laboriously employed, considering the high and weighty office you now bear in the State,—yet, if what I have written happens to meet with approbation, I conceive there can be no occasion for any excuse for thus addressing myself to you, considering the great consequence and import of the subject. For he who can be the first projector of public service, has far from any reason either to conceal his name, or from making any apology for any assistance he shall ask in promoting

such a design; for it is a duty incumbent upon every subject to lend an helping hand to advance the good of the community of which he is a member." Pp. 235, 236.

And now having viewed him under three aspects,—as a patriot zealous for the honour of his country, for the amendment of the law, and the *cheap* administration of justice,—as the patron of the poor and aspiring scholar,—as the protector of the decayed and necessitous gentleman,—let us rejoice in being able to add that he was withal the devoted and unflinching Churchman.

He stipulates that all his students shall be of the religion of the Church of England.

He provides that on his foundation at Whixley a clergyman of the established church shall be engrafted, and the services of the national church daily celebrated.

He is careful that among the seven* trustees of his charity, three shall be ecclesiastics; and, throughout his testamentary arrangements, shows a marked recognition of, and a decided preference for, that church in whose communion he had lived, and in whose faith he hoped to die.

All honour to his benevolent memory! A low and degrading estimate shall we form of the value of his leading charity at Whixley, if we view it only

* The master of Christ College, Cambridge; the master of Caius College, Cambridge; the master of the Charter House, London; the president of the College of Physicians; the treasurer of Lincoln's Inn; the governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; the governor of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich.

with reference to the human ills from which it shields the fortunate few who are sheltered there. Under another and far higher aspect must we gaze upon it. To how many has it proved the scene where, mercifully freed from the pinching privations of poverty, and delivered from the daily dread of approaching want, they could betake themselves without distraction to their religious duties, and give their undivided attention to the absorbing interests of eternity! To how many has Whixley Manor been an asylum in its best and highest sense! Rescued them on the one hand from all the horrors of impending want,—doubly agonizing to those who have known prosperity,—and provided them with a quiet resting place where they, could daily hear of and provide for the reckoning beyond the grave. To how many careworn, anxious, wearied spirits has the munificent Tancred been a benefactor, *spiritually* as well as temporally! Reader! Has God blessed thee with means—ample means—accumulating means—means at your own disposal—means to which no near relative can prefer a claim?—"Go and do thou likewise!" Transport thy riches before thee into Heaven. Lay them up where no spoiler can intrude, and no reverses can assail. Good deeds perish not. When undertaken from holy motives, He whose name and nature is love imparts to them a permanence and vitality proof against mischance and accident. Let an illustration—call it fanciful if you will—point my meaning. A tourist thus writes from Pisa:—

"We met a person who had the keys of the baptistery, which he opened for us. The baptismal

font is of the purest Parian marble. The most remarkable thing was the celebrated musical echo. Our cicerone stationed himself at the side of the font, and sang a few notes. After a moment's pause, they were repeated aloft in the dome, but with a sound of divine sweetness—as clear and pure as the clang of a crystal bell. Another pause, and we heard them again, higher, fainter, and sweeter, —followed by a dying note, as if they were fading far away into Heaven. It seemed as if an angel lingered in the temple, echoing with his melodious lips the common harmonies of earth. Even thus does *the music of good deeds*, hardly noted in this grosser atmosphere, *awaken a divine echo in the far world of spirits!*"

CHAPTER XII.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

WHEN a student at the University of Glasgow, some — I will not say how many — years ago, in those palmy days when Jardine, and Young, and Miller, and Meikleham presided over large and attentive classes, — when the venerated Dr. Balfour held the high Church, and Chalmers was delivering his astronomical discourses to crowded and delighted audiences at the Tron, — an octogenarian Scotch minister, with impressive earnestness, addressed us lads in the College Chapel, on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. It was a daring discourse to deliver before such a critical congregation. He held that riches were no sin! He demolished, with singular tact and brilliancy, the conclusion, so grateful to the necessitous and the striving, that his attachment to wealth was the cause of the rich man's condemnation. He placed it in his *attachment to self*. He maintained that there was nothing prominently obnoxious in Dives' character or conduct; contended that he was, in very many respects, an exemplary and highly commendable character. No leading charge was brought against him; he was not accused of haughtiness or insolence in the possession of his wealth; his probity was not arraigned; nor was there the faintest intimation given of his

having been guilty of any one of those crimes which debase the soul, and are injurious to the welfare of civil society. His crime was self-indulgence, and it wrecked him. He was an indolent Sybarite. The claims of others upon his means, his exertions, his influence, his position, never during life occurred to him. The mistake was frightful and fatal.

There are many who labour under similar delusion; who have lulled themselves into the belief that no other duty is theirs but that of leisurely enjoying the blessings which God has *lent* them. With the stirring injunction, "*Occupy* till I come" they seem to have no concern. Ah! upon whose ears should that command fall with such thrilling emphasis—whose spirits should it rouse so instantly to exertion—as those of the nobly-born, the influential, the privileged, and the *irresponsible!*

WILLIAM DOUGLASS, DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY, was born in 1724. On the death of his father, the Earl of March, he succeeded to the family estates; and being in very early life master of his fortune, evinced, before he was well out of his teens, a decided and almost unconquerable passion for the amusements of the Turf.

For thirty years, it may be affirmed, he was as well known as Lord March at Newmarket, as any jockey who donned the cap, or came up to be weighed at the scales. His success on the turf provoked the envy of the most dexterous adepts. In some respects his system was unique; he never committed himself to any partnerships, was always his own insurer, running all risks, and concentrating

all profits in his own person. He himself, too, rode all his principal matches fearlessly and judiciously, and in this branch of his business gave the most celebrated professionals the "go by." Of the middle size, neat, slim, of light weight, yet firm in his seat, and with a grasp so powerful as to give him the most thorough control over the animal he rode, his personal qualifications contributed not slightly to his success. What benefit his morals derived from the companionship of grooms and blacklegs, or to what extent his notions of honour were refined and quickened by constant communication with sharpers, is a matter in no manner doubtful.

In 1756 Lord March rode his own horse at Newmarket against the Duke of Hamilton, and won. Shortly afterwards he suggested the celebrated race against time, so long remembered in sporting circles. The undertaking was this—that a machine with four wheels should run no less than nineteen miles within the hour. It had already been ascertained, that to this amount of speed, a race horse might be urged—viz. to pass over more than a mile of ground in a minute. His Lordship's undertaking, which alllowed but three to a carriage, did not appear so formidable to the betting men for *a short space of time*. But the continuance of that speed for an *entire* hour staggered them. They deemed it wholly out of the question; and in that belief did not hesitate to pronounce the wager impracticable, and to bet heavily against its performance.

Lord March coolly maintained the affirmative; and the wager was accepted by the celebrated Count

Taafe, an Irish Roman Catholic, many years of whose life had been spent in the service of Austria, and who finally beggared himself by this and similar frolics. Lord March's primary object was to obtain a four-wheeled machine, which should travel the space of nineteen miles within sixty minutes. With this in view, he applied to Wright in Long Acre, who, diminishing weight and friction by the substitution of silk and whalebone for leather, and also, to some extent, for wood, contrived a carriage so light, and yet so strong, as to be deemed suitable for the purpose. With regard to the horses, the selection of these, as well as of the training grooms, were matters on which Lord March relied wholly on his own judgment. To prevent their being tampered with, he carefully concealed the names of both descriptions of animals—bipeds, as well as quadrupeds—until the morning of the appointed day, when they were duly entered by the clerk of the course. Meanwhile, Newmarket having been selected for the experiment, the smoothest mile of the whole race ground was staked out, and eight or ten horses regularly trained there, to prevent the possibility of disappointment from lameness, accident, or design.

On the 29th of August, 1750, this contest, on the event of which immense sums were pending, was finally decided. Lord March was the winner; and the Count soon after retired in embarrassed circumstances to his native country.

It must not, however, be imagined, that to being a successful turfite his Lordship's ambition was bounded. He aimed at becoming a leader of fashion,

and foremost in the chase after pleasure. To the calculations and associates which rendered him an authority and adept in all matters relative to the turf, he added the debasing pursuits of the confirmed voluptuary.

His political history is brief and unimportant. He was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Third, on his accession to the throne; but in consequence of the part he took on the Regency question in 1789—when he supported the pretensions of the Prince of Wales to the Regency without restrictions—his name was not to be seen in the list of the Royal Household after that period. He was invested with the green ribbon in 1764; and at the time of his death was the senior knight of the Order of the Thistle. In 1778 he succeeded to the Dukedom of Queensberry; and was created an English peer by the title of Baron Douglas of Amesbury, August 8, 1786.

In the memorable affair of Mr. Wilkes he became a partisan to an extent little expected from him; and if his avowed habits and maxims be taken into account, palpably and ignominiously inconsistent. Mr. Wilkes was his personal friend; had been on several occasions his guest. In the looseness of his morals and the licentiousness of his life, the Peer surpassed the Commoner; but no sooner did the demagogue appear the assailant of the Court than the Duke openly joined the Earl of Sandwich, another notorious debauchee, in condemning the lawless and profane conduct of Wilkes, and in denouncing, in the most unmeasured terms of reprobation,

his "Essay on Woman." Nor did the Duke's antagonism to the popular idol terminate even at this point. Aware of his own inability to enter the lists with Wilkes as a writer, his Grace enlisted the services of a clergyman who was under obligations to him.

Many of this gentleman's strictures on Wilkes's antecedents, code of morals, and *aims*, were forcibly urged, and undeniably true. But when Wilkes replied, and, turning from the employed to the employer, had recourse to his exhaustless armory of irony and sarcasm,—asked how it happened that the Duke was animated with such a new-born love for morality?—who had fired him with such a zeal for decorum?—and whence it came to pass that he, above all others, was qualified to be a censor of public morals?—the hit was too palpable to be parried, and the laugh went against the Peer, and with the Demagogue.

As might have been expected his Grace never married. In the early part of his life he made proposals to Miss Pelham, the daughter of Mr. Secretary Pelham, and the niece of the Duke of Newcastle, then premier. But whether his fortune was not at that time thought sufficient, or that his general habits were disapproved, his suit was rejected. The lady preceded her lover, but a few years, and unmarried, to the grave.

When he succeeded to the Queensberry title and estates, his career was distinguished by little else than the perseverance with which he rendered life subservient to the grosser pleasures of our nature.

These he contrived to indulge in to the last; so long at least, as the animal powers essential to their gratification remained. In the evening of life—so surely do cherished pursuits leave their visible impression on the countenance—the features of his face bore the revolting expression of a satyr.

His constant residence, and the scene of his pleasures, was London or its vicinity. Scotland he seldom, if ever, visited. About his house at Amesbury, Wilts, the work of Inigo Jones, and the classical mansion of a former period, he was profoundly indifferent. He either let it or sold it, avowing candidly *he had no taste for it.* His country pleasures were found in his villa at Richmond, which he had fitted up in a style of princely magnificence.

There he occasionally lived, attended by a large retinue, and on a scale of unbounded expense, till the folly of some noisy individuals, who made a vexatious claim at law for a few yards of ground which, unconscious of any invasion of parochial rights, the Duke had added to his court-yard, determined him to quit a village where he considered himself as having been grossly insulted as well as ungratefully treated, and to which in various ways he had been a benefactor. Latterly he lived altogether in Piccadilly, where his figure was daily visible in his balcony, and had become familiar to every one who was in the habit of passing through the great metropolitan thoroughfare.

One who knew him intimately, affirmed of him, that "no man ever contrived to make so much of

life." When his eye—for he had only the use of one—became dim, and his hearing was almost gone, his constitutional vivacity rarely failed him, nor did he cease to make efforts for enjoying what little was left him. He had long lived *secundem artem*;* and perhaps the prolongation of his life might be ascribed to his precautionary practices. The care of his health had for a considerable time been confided to Pére Elisee, who, it was generally understood, had attended on Louis XV. during his declining years.

An important question suggests itself, — what did this aged nobleman — the predominating feature of whose character appears to be self-indulgence, — effect for others? His existence was protracted to an unusual period; his wealth was enormous and daily accumulating. Months before his decease, his personal property was estimated at upwards of a million. Of a stewardship of such vast extent, and of such long duration, what were the fruits?

The supposition was not extravagant, that a man of such immense wealth would have been a frequent and munificent contributor to charities; but during his long life, there are only two or three instances

* In consequence of a speck in one of his eyes, which obstructed his vision, a belief was prevalent that he wore a glass one. Other peculiarities were also ascribed to him. He was supposed to apply veal cutlets every night to his face, in order to preserve his complexion—and to make use of a milk bath daily, for the purpose of softening and beautifying his skin. This latter circumstance, though probably a fiction, rendered those who dwelt in his immediate neighborhood rather shy of purchasing milk at second-hand.

of his liberality upon record. He is said, it is true, to have bestowed pensions on *opera singers*, and to have given 1000*l.* towards the expense of a contested Westminster election, and a contribution of 2000*l.* to supply the wants of the widows and orphans connected with the British navy. These, however, are his only known acts of munificence.

Up to the autumn of 1810, the Duke's constitution betrayed no visible symptoms of decay; but towards the close of the year he experienced an attack of dysentery, which all the powers of medicine were unable to check, and under the effects of which he sank on the 23d of December. His remains were interred, on the 31st, in a private manner, in a vault in the chancel of St. James's, Piccadilly, under the communion table, attended by Mr. Douglas, as chief mourner, and followed by all the male domestics attached to the household.

The stewardship ended, how did it close?—what was the final distribution of this leviathian property—property so enormous that, on *the personality alone*, the legacy duty amounted to 120,000*l.*?

The will appears to have been executed not more than two years previous to the Duke's death; to it are appended no less than thirty-five codicils, written on so many sheets of note-paper, the majority of these important *addenda* being in the testator's autograph.

He leaves to Lord and Lady Yarmouth, and their issue, all his freehold and copyhold estates; to his Lordship, in money, 50,000*l.*; to her Ladyship

100,000*l.* for *her separate use*, besides the houses in Piccadilly and Richmond, and stables in Brick Street; to Lady Yarmouth's daughter 50,000*l.*, and to Lord Yarmouth's youngest son 50,000*l.* To Edward Bullock Douglas he leaves *only* 150,000*l.*; to M. Pére Elisee, the French surgeon, who resided constantly with him, 5000*l.*; to his stud groom, John Radford, 200*l.* per annum, together with all his horses, carriages, saddlery, and stable appurtenances at London and Richmond; to the brave General Picton 5000*l.*; to that ill-starred woman, Nelson's Lady Hamilton, a legacy of 1000*l.*, subsequently revoked and transformed into an annuity of 500*l.* per annum; to the cheque clerk at Coutts' Bank, who kept his Grace's account there, 600*l.* per annum; to Signor Salpeitro, formerly leader of the band of the Italian Opera, 100*l.* per annum. For all his male domestics, the Duke provides profusely and permanently, in the shape of liberal annuities; and by way of evidencing the value which, to the very last, he placed on female morality, he bequeaths 1000*l.* each to three French ladies of somewhat questionable character, or, rather, about whose character there could arise no question at all.

The claims of suffering humanity, the spiritual necessities of the ignorant, and the wants of the perishing, meet with brief and sparing recognition. Two institutions, the Lock and St. George's Hospital, are mentioned in this wealthy noble's will, with a bequest of 5000*l.* to each. Towards the close of the document a wish is expressed — one of its best features — that those poor persons at Rich-

mond who had been in the habit of receiving from the Duke small weekly allowances, should have such continued to them so long as he or she lived. His Grace also desires, in positive terms, that he may be buried, in the most private manner, in his parish church, and peremptorily forbids any hatchment being placed on any one of his residences in London, Richmond, or elsewhere, in memory of him.

A will so lengthy, so minute, so carefully drawn, and so well considered, accompanied moreover with such an elaborate display of second thoughts as the numerous codicils embodied, might have been assumed to be a perfect document, irreproachable, unassailable, impregnable. No such praise was awarded it. A storm of censure fell. Despite of the eminent conveyancers who were said to have drawn it, and of the lengthened supervision which a legal peer was understood to have bestowed upon it, the curse of unsanctified wealth seemed to perplex its execution. No sooner was it promulgated, than it was pronounced open to various constructions, to present a host of legal difficulties, to be contradictory in its provisions, to be impossible to be acted upon, and, if ever abided by, to require previously the interpretation of the Court of Chancery. Its "omissions" were pronounced "many and most flagrant."

The Duke had not "remembered his housekeeper, or any other female servant in his establishment; though all his male domestics, down to the very humblest, his will had rendered independent for life."

Then, again, Mr. Fuller had been passed over—Mr. Fuller, who had been his Grace's apothecary from time immemorial—Mr. Fuller, who had received golden promises from the Duke—Mr. Fuller, who had been assured once and again that his future independence was thoroughly secured — Mr. Fuller, who had slept by the Duke's bedside every night for the last six years of the Duke's life — Mr. Fuller found his name—nowhere. Not even the very shortest of the five-and-thirty codicils embraced him. Mr. Fuller was irritated beyond all soothing. No sedative in his surgery could quiet him. His wrongs haunted him. His days were days of misery, and his nights were sleepless — far more wakeful even than those which he had passed, for six long years, watching the Duke. The wounds inflicted on his feelings, he averred, time could not cicatrize. They could only be healed by a draft — but that must be a golden one. Mr. Fuller drew a long breath—took heart—brought an action against the Duke's executors — went boldly into court and appealed to a British jury—pleaded his weary days, his wakeful nights, and his recondite tonics—all devoted to one and the self-same object—the prolongation of his aged patient's existence. The claim was regarded as heavy: but Mr. Fuller's attendance had been unwearied, and the efficiency of his treatment demonstrated by the age attained by the veteran voluptuary. The jury laughed and listened, and finally awarded a sum of 5000*l.*

Another point of difference arose. It was contended that the parties mainly benefited by the

Duke's will, would, unless its provisions were contested, receive under it a sum far exceeding that which the testator had intended.

By that document—*the will*—which was legally executed and duly attested by three witnesses so as to convey beyond all dispute the *real* estate, the Duke hands over all his freehold and copyhold property to Lord and Lady Yarmouth. This bequest is, however, revoked by codicils: and pecuniary legacies to the amount of 250,000*l.* are substituted. The codicils, however, being most of them in the Duke's handwriting, on separate sheets of note-paper, and not attested legally, are invalid, and of insufficient force to revoke the devise originally made by the will; so that in the view of the objectors Lord and Lady Yarmouth would come in for an infinitely larger share of the Duke's property than he ever intended or contemplated.

Fresh powers for dealing with the property were considered requisite. *Help* from Chancery was called in; and, as an inevitable consequence some of the legatees—Lady Hamilton for one—never received a shilling of either the legacy or annuity which the Duke had intended them.

Amply provocative of sorrow and vexation, of bitterness and invective, was the rich man's will, and the wealth it disposed of!

View it in another light. Regard it as the final act of an immortal being, and then what complexion does it assume? Save and except that clause which refers to his funeral at St. James's Church, and to the privacy with which he enjoined the last rites

to be conducted, it might have been the will of *a heathen.* Not one single expression can we fasten upon, to stamp it as the last testamentary act of *a Christian.*

The interests of the Church—the spread of religious truth—the instruction of the ignorant—the reclaiming of the dissolute—these we may readily suppose were not likely to be objects of concern to a sated voluptuary.

But he professed himself to be a lover of art. Did he make any provision for the aged or struggling painter? The walls of his town mansion and Richmond villa glowed with pictures, whose varied excellences he could indicate with unerring taste. Had his mind ever dwelt for a passing moment on the painful processes which had been necessary for the production of those works of genius?—what severe mental toil had been endured, what discouragement not unfrequently had to be borne on account of harsh and unfeeling criticism, and the caprices of the public taste. And in disposing of his thousands, did the wealthy connoisseur think of the decayed, and disappointed, and despondent artist? It soothed his *amour propre* to be able to say that he possessed the *chef-d'œuvre* of this or that great master; but did it ever occur to him that there were those behind, in the distant background, artists out of sight, and almost out of mind, whose prospects had been clouded by accident and disease, some of whom had left widows and orphans with no other worldly possession but an unblemished and honourable name,—and for these did he make any provision, however temporary

or inadequate? None whatever! He declared himself a passionate lover of music; he averred that, during a large portion of his life, it was one of the solaces of his existence. Did he leave any bequest for promoting its cultivation, raising those who professed it in the scale of society?—or, knowing the precarious position of those whose livelihood is contingent on the preservation of their health and the continuance of their voice, did he cheer with his bounty "The Society for the Benefit of Decayed Musicians," or try to alleviate the vicissitudes inevitably linked with the life and calling of a "child of song?" No! the wealthy worlding, in the heyday of his career, was content that musical talent should contribute to his enjoyments; to the subsequent privations of its possessor, he was profoundly indifferent.

But—chiefly and above all—after the dissipated course he had run, after the manifold evils which his immoral habits had inflicted on society, after the extent to which he had contributed towards the mass of misery which exists in the world, did better feelings at the last sway him, and prompt any bequest towards the erection or support of an asylum where the weeping penitent might hide her shame, and learn to "sin no more?"

No reparation of this sort appears ever to have occurred to him.

It could not be for want of opportunity or ability. Both were vouchsafed to an extent rarely conferred.

Ah! he "that liveth in pleasure" is dead "while he liveth."

CHAPTER XIII.

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

FROM the lips of the needy, and the disappointed, and the heart-sick, and the way-worn, often issues the ejaculation—"Oh! that I had means, connexions, independence, position! Give me all, or even any one of these advantages, and then see the good which I would effect for my fellows—the extent to which I would make my principles tell upon the welfare of society!"

Dreamer! all these coveted accessories are unavailing, if there be not the ballast of principle. Moreover, each of them is counterbalanced by its attendant temptation—well described as "the fire that brings up the scum of the human heart."

A child is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to "*have that!*" We are most of us children through life; and only change one toy for another, from the cradle to the grave.

Take an instance, where means, position, connexions, independence, all were wielded by a clever and keen-sighted man, and wielded unavailingly in *the absence of principle.*

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGUE was born in October, 1713. His father was a man of considerable fortune;

and his mother, the celebrated Lady Mary Pierrepoint, daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston.

From his earliest childhood he was a traveller; for in 1716, he accompanied his mother on his father's embassy to Constantinople, and is thus affectionately referred to in one of her letters:

"I thank God I have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all my fatigues. . . . . If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Moneses —'I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing,' but, when I think of the fatigues my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart."

On the return of Mr. Montague and Lady Mary to England, in 1719, their heir was placed at Westminster School. He ran away; and for months his family were ignorant of his fate. No promised reward could procure tidings of the truant. Advertisements, hand-bills, Bow-street-runners, each and alike failed in detecting his retreat. That was eventually thus discovered. Mr. Forster, a friend of the family, attended by one of the domestics of the elder Mr. Montague, was transacting business at Blackwall with the captain of an Indiaman. On a sudden the voice of a fisherman's boy attracted their attention. They listened; and were struck by the same idea that it closely resembled that of young Montague. A sailor was speedily despatched after him, under pretence of their desire to make a purchase. The sailor executed his commission, and

returned with the boy. Their conjecture was correct. It was young Montague who stood before them, with a basket of flounders, plaice, and haddock upon his head. The moment he found himself discovered, he dropped his basket, and decamped. The basket, however, being soon owned, the detection of the truant's domicile followed. He had been bound by regular indenture to a poor but very industrious fisherman, and had upwards of a year served his new master most faithfully. He cried his fish with an audible voice, made his bargains with shrewdness, and returned the purchase money with fidelity. He was brought home, and again placed at Westminster, only to play truant a second time, and in another hemisphere.

This time he bound himself to the master of a vessel which sailed for Oporto. He was a quaker; and finding Montague, as he supposed, a poor, deserted, friendless boy, clothed him decently, fed him regularly, and did his best to render a seafaring life endurable. On the vessel reaching Oporto, Montague decamped. Not one syllable of the language did he know, with not an inch of the country was he familiar,—but nevertheless made good his way many miles into the interior. The season was that of the vintage. He was willing to toil, and offered his services in a very humble capacity. They were accepted. He was tried, and found worthy of his hire. Thus circumstanced—as a menial—supplying his daily wants by his daily toil, two or more years glided away. To accident—if that term be ever admissible, with reference to the career of a responsible and immortal

being—his rescue from this state of servitude may be ascribable. An emergency arising, Montague was ordered to drive some asses to the factory at Oporto. He was selected for the task, because the business to be transacted required a knowledge of the English language. Fearless of any discovery, he set out. On reaching his destination, the English consul knew him; and his former master, the sea-captain, being also present, the discovery was complete. The team of asses was consigned to another driver; the truant's path was once more directed homewards. Mr. Forster's good offices were again put into requisition; and Mr. Montague, at his instance, consented to forget the past, and look with hope to the future. It was decided that a private tutor should complete that education which had been so often and so vexatiously interrupted; and Mr. Forster was nominated to the unenviable post. Ably did he acquit himself, but vainly; for on a sudden young Montague ran away the third time, and entered as a foremast man on board a ship bound for the Mediterranean. His justly incensed father now seemed to regard all further efforts to reclaim the prodigal as fruitless; and openly avowed his intention of disowning a son, whom no attention or kindness could reclaim. Again Forster interposed; and once more charged himself with the task of bringing back the graceless wanderer. To the attempt a reluctant and hesitating consent was at length given by Mr. Montague. It was successful.

This *escapade* arranged, it was now proposed that young Montague should go abroad for a few years,

Forster accompanying him. An adequate allowance was assigned him, and the West Indies chosen as his place of retreat. There he resumed his classical studies, and remained for some years. Returning to England at his father's summons, he was elected in 1847, by dint of family interest, one of the members for Huntingdonshire. Devoid of all self-control, and his expenses far exceeding his income, debt obliged him, towards the close of the year 1751, to absent himself from England.

His first resting-place was Paris, where a strange adventure with a Jew named Abraham Payba, placed him in a suspicious and unenviable position. The following is his statement of the accusation against him, and is given mainly in his own words:—

"Payba, a Jew, under the name of James Roberts, in his complaint, dated October 25th, 1751, gives an account of his leaving England, intending to make the tour both of France and Italy, being provided with bills for considerable sums upon the Bank of England, and several eminent bankers in London. He states that, while lodging at the Hôtel d'Orleans, he was greatly surprised by my pretending to visit him, as he had no previous acquaintance with me. That next day he started for the country; on his return found from me a dinner card of invitation awaiting him, which he accepted, and met a large company of English. That I forced him to drink—till I perceived he was fuddled—of various wines and liquors during dinner; after which the company adjourned to my apartments for coffee. That when the party broke up (Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and

myself alone remaining), the first-named produced dice, and asked 'who would play?' That the complainant (Roberts) at first excused himself, having only two crowns about him; upon which Taafe said that he 'had no occasion for money, he might play upon his word of honour.' That he (Roberts) still excused himself, alleging that he needed all his money for a forthcoming journey; but that Lord Southwell, Mr. Taafe, and myself insisted so strongly on his playing, that, being flustered with wine, and hardly conscious of what he did he at last yielded. That, taking advantage of his situation, we made him lose in less than an hour 870 louis-d'ors; that is, 400 to Mr. Taafe, 350 to Lord Southwell, and 120 to me; and that we then suffered him to go about his business. That the next day Mr. Taafe sent him a card inviting him to supper, but he excused himself; and, on Sunday, the 26th of September, he received a letter from the same gentleman claiming the 400 louis-d'ors he had won of him. He (Roberts) replied that he would pay him a visit on the Tuesday following; but that on Monday the 27th of September, between eleven and twelve at night, Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and myself, knocked with great violence, menaces, and imprecations, at his gate; where, getting admittance, we informed him that if he did not give to each of us a draft for the several sums we had won of him, we would carry him instantly to the Bastile, the archers, with the governor of the Bastile, waiting below for that purpose.

"That we told him it was a maxim in France,

that all gaming debts should be paid in twenty-four hours after they were contracted; and at the same time we threatened to cut him across the face with our swords, if he should refuse to give us the drafts we demanded.

"That, being intimidated by our menaces, and ignorant of the customs of France, he gave us drafts for our several winnings upon the firm of Waters, bankers in Paris, though he had no assets there. That the complainant well knowing that the drafts would be refused, and thinking his life in danger, resolved next day, the 28th, to set out for Lyons. That there, and since his return to Paris, he understood that Mr. Taafe, Lord Southwell, and myself, on the very day of his quitting Paris, came early to his lodging, searched all the trunks, portmanteaus, and drawers belonging to the complainant, from one of which Mr. Taafe took out, in one bag, 400 louis-d'ors, and out of another to the value of 300 louis in French and Portuguese silver; from another bag 1200 livres in crown pieces; a pair of brilliant diamond buckles, which cost the complainant 8020 livres; his own picture, set round with diamonds, to the amount of 1200 livres; a shirt-buckle set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which cost him 650 livres; laces to the amount of 3000 livres; seven or eight women's robes, or gowns, valued at 4000 livres; two brilliant diamond rings; several gold snuff-boxes; a travelling chest, containing his plate and china, and divers other effects, which he cannot call to mind; all which Mr. Taafe packed up in one box, and, by the help of his footman, carried in a coach

(which was waiting at his place) to his own apartment."

Such is the account which Mr. Montague gave of the charge made against him; its consequences are thus described in his own words:—

"On Sunday the 31st of October, when it was near one in the morning, as I was undressed and going to bed, with that security which ought to attend innocence, I heard a person enter my room; and upon turning round and seeing a man whom I did not know, I asked him calmly what he wanted. His answer was that I 'must put on my clothes.' I began to expostulate upon the motives of his appearance, when a commissary instantly entered the room with a pretty numerous attendance, and told me, with great gravity, that he was come, by virtue of a warrant for my imprisonment, to carry me to the Grand Chatelet. I requested him again and again to inform me of the crime laid to my charge, but all his answer was that I 'must follow him.' I begged him to give me leave to write to Lord Albemarle, the English ambassador, promising to obey the warrant if his Excellency was not pleased to answer for my forthcoming. The commissary refused me pen and ink, but consented that I should send a verbal message to his Excellency, telling me, at the same time, that he would not wait the return of the messenger, because his orders were to carry me instantly to prison. As resistance under such circumstances must have been unavailing, and might have been blameable, I obeyed the warrant by following the commissary, after desiring one of my servants

to communicate to Lord Albemarle the treatment I had undergone. I was carried to the Chatelet, where, by the jailors, I was treated as a condemned criminal. I was thrown into prison, and committed to a set of wretches who have no character of humanity but its form.

"My residence, to speak in the gaol dialect, was *au Secret*, which is no other than the dungeon of the prison, where all the furniture was a wretched mattress and a crazy chair.

"The weather was cold, and I called for a fire; I was told I could have none. I was thirsty, and called for some wine and water, or even a draught of water by itself, but was denied it. All the favor I could obtain was a promise to be waited on in the morning, and then was left to myself, under a hundred locks and bolts, without a bit of candle, after finding that the words of my gaolers were few, their commands peremptory, and their favour unattainable. After a few moments of solitary reflection, I perceived myself shut up in a dungeon destined for the vilest malefactors: the walls were scrawled over with their vows and prayers to heaven, before they were carried to the gibbet or to the wheel. Amongst other notable inscriptions, I found one with the following note underneath, viz., 'These verses were written by the priest who was burned and hanged, in the year 1717, for stealing a chalice of the holy sanctuary.' At the same time, I observed the floors were studded with iron staples, either to secure the prisoners, or to prevent the effects of their despair."

In this dungeon he continued until the 2d of

November, when he was carried before the authorities, and underwent an examination, from which he gathered the leading particulars of the charges laid against him.

An almost interminable series of law proceedings ensued. Mr. Wortley and Mr. Taafe—the other defendants having fled—took measures against Roberts; in the outset successfully. He was pronounced guilty of falsehood and fraud, condemned to acknowledge that his accusation was calumnious, false, and wicked, and to pay 10,000 livres to each of the defendants, by way of reparation. From this award Roberts appealed, and availingly. The judgment against him was set aside; the parties were definitely dismissed the court; Roberts's name was erased from the gaol registers; and his costs compensated. From this award Montague and Taafe, in their turn, appealed; with what success is not now known. The probability is, that at this point this discreditable affair rested. Mr. Montague published in French, at Paris, his narrative of the entire transaction. It is cleverly and carefully written; but an impartial writer, Mr. Seward, who had perused it, deliberately weighed its statements, and who had laid before him all the documents connected with the affair, arrives at this gloomy conclusion: "After a careful perusal of the whole proceedings, we cannot declare ourselves perfectly satisfied of the innocence of the defendants—though both members of the Legislature—in this extraordinary transaction."

In the parliament which met in 1754, Mr. Montague was returned for Bossiney, and in 1759 pub-

lished his "Reflections on the Rise and Fall of Ancient Republics."

Mr. Wortley—in his will he did not use the name of Montague—died early in January, 1761, aged eighty; and by that document, drawn up a few years previously, left his son an annuity of 1000*l.* per annum, payable during the joint lives of himself and his mother, Lady Mary; and after her death, an annuity of 2000*l.* per annum during the joint lives of himself and his sister, Lady Bute. By the same will he empowered Mr. Montague to make, on any woman he might marry, a settlement not exceeding 800*l.* per annum; and to any son of such marriage he devised a considerable estate in the West Riding of York.

In this provision for Mr. Montague's wife and son, originated the strange advertisement which appeared in "The Public Ledger," April 16th, 1776, a few months previous to his death. It stated that a gentleman who had sat in two successive parliaments, lived in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate would pass if he died without issue, wished to marry a widow or single lady of genteel birth, polished manners, and about to become a mother. Letters were to be addressed to Brecknock, Will's Coffee House. The pendent to this announcement—we here anticipate events—was equally extraordinary. A lady so circumstanced was found by the exertions of a mutual friend, embarked, and was sailing into the bay, on the borders of which he lived, at the very moment when Mr. Montague was breathing his last.

The death of his father having thus secured him

independence, he again took leave of his native country, and passed the remainder of his life abroad.

Notwithstanding, in the parliament which assembled in 1761, he was again returned for Bossiney; though it was pretty generally understood he was to be henceforward, and for life, an absentee.

On the 21st of August, 1762, Lady Mary died, leaving her son only *one guinea!* "his father having" —her own words are used—"amply provided for him." By these testamentary arrangements, Lord Bute, who had married Lady Mary's only daughter, became entitled to considerable property; but with a degree of generosity as noble as it is rare, his lordship voluntarily ceded to his brother-in-law an amount far greater than that which the law would have awarded to him.

In 1765 he was performing quarantine at Venice, where he was met by Mr. Sharpe, who thus describes him:—

"Mr. Montague has just arrived from the East. . . . . His beard reached down to his breast, being of two years and a half growth; and the dress of his head was Armenian. He was in the most enthusiastic raptures with Arabia and the Arabs. His bed was the ground, his food rice, his beverage water, his luxury a pipe and coffee."

Renouncing Protestantism, Mr. Montague went over to Rome, and from thence deserted to the most rigorous observance and profession of Mahometanism. He used always to seal his letters with three Arabian signets which had sentences of the Koran engraven on them. "He rises before the sun," writes Count

Lamberg, who saw him at Venice, "says his prayers, and performs his ablutions and *lazzis* according to the Mahometan ritual. An hour after he awakes his pupil—his son Fortunatus—lays before him the strongest proofs of Mahometanism, and catechises him in the Arabian language. During the most severe weather he performs his religious ablutions in cold water. These concluded, he resumes his pipe, turns towards the east, mutters some prayers, walks afterwards for half an hour, and drinks his coffee."

His creed and his practice appear to have been alike faulty. Abbé Winkleman writes of him:—"At Alexandria Mr. Montague got acquainted with the Danish Consul, who had a very handsome wife. Under various pretences, he engaged the husband to go to Holland. Some time after, he showed a feigned letter, mentioning the Consul's death, and married his wife, whom he now carries with him into Syria. Not long after, the Danish resident at Constantinople received from the Texel advice of the supposed dead Consul; so that Montague is not safe in any of the Grand Seignior's dominions."

In 1773 he was at Rosetta in Egypt, whence he went again to Venice. There he was visited by the Duke of Hamilton and Dr. Moore. The latter thus limned him in his letters:—

"Hearing that Mr. Montague resided at Venice, the Duke of Hamilton paid a visit to that extraordinary man. He met his Grace at the stairhead, and led us through some apartments, furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room, quite in a different style. There were no chairs; but he de-

sired us to seat ourselves on a sofa, whilst he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave* sat by him; and a venerable old man with a long beard served us with coffee. After this collation some aromatic gums were brought and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle . . . . . We found him wonderfully prejudiced in favour of Turkish manners and customs, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European or those of any other nation. He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity; the most hospitable, generous, and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning as soon as possible to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise, and thinks that had it not been otherwise ordered for wise purposes, of which it does not become us to judge, the children of Israel would certainly have chosen to remain where they were, and have endeavoured *to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan!* Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the Duke's visit; and as we were not provided with cushions, he sat, while he

* Probably this was his son Fortunatus or *Massoud*, of whom he thus writes, under date of September 3, 1774:—"I hope I shall, some day or other, introduce you to a son of mine, *who is very near black.* He is upwards of eleven years of age, but writes and reads Arabic, and talks nothing else; nor will I permit him to learn anything till he comes to England."

stayed, upon a sofa, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture, by long habit, is now become the most agreeable to him, and he insists on its being by far the most natural and convenient: but indeed he seems to cherish the same opinion with regard to all the customs which prevail among the Turks."*

At Venice his career terminated somewhat unexpectedly. In eating he happened to wound his throat with a bone; the accident produced inflammation; and in the course of a few days occasioned his death.

A writer, apparently conversant with all the particulars, remarks in the "European Magazine," —"A monk at Venice told me that whilst Mr. Montague was eating his last dinner a bone of a partridge stuck in his throat. His attendants, thinking he would soon expire, called in a priest, at which Mr. Montague was much offended. The ecclesiastic briefly demanded 'In what persuasion he would leave the world?' and received the reply, peevishly given, 'I hope *a good Mussulman!*' He survived the accident several days. The injury to the throat produced inflammation, which issued in death. . . . . A Janissary who had attended on him, and who spoke in raptures of his former master, declared that 'he (Mr. Montague) was a true believer, and knew how to pray to Mahomet better than himself.'"

There is a showy monument erected to his memory at Padua, setting forth his variety and

* Dr. Moore's "View of Society and Manners in Italy."

compass of knowledge in a long latin inscription. "The monk who showed it me* seemed generously and reasonably shocked that such a man should at last expire with somewhat more firm persuasions of the truth of the Mahometan religion than any other: in fact, he doubted greatly of all, and had not for many years professed himself *a Christian of any denomination!*"

Reader! waste not the language of reproof upon such a trifler, but gaze upon his death-bed, and pity him.

* Observations in a Journey through Italy, by Mrs. Piozzi, vol. i. p. 161.

CHAPTER XIV.

HENRY WELBY.

CICERO, in his Treatise *de Senectute*, remarks that the happiest close of life is where, the intellect being entire, and the senses unimpaired, Nature herself takes down the structure which her hands had put together.—Vivendi finis est optimus, cum, integra mente cæterisque sensibus, opus ipsa suum eadem qeæ coagmentavit natura dissolvit."

But neither Cicero, nor HE who brought to light a far purer system than Cicero's most ardent imaginings could have pictured, contemplated seclusion, sloth, and inactivity, as associated with man. From the beginniug of Creation, man and employment were identified. It was the condition of his being. Adam was placed in the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.

If man were not a member of a civil community,—if he had no social duties to discharge,—if his example were valueless,—if Revelation contained no such passages as these, "Let thy light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven;" "occupy till I come;" "that your profiting may appear unto all men;"—if our great Exemplar had led the life of a recluse, and had enjoined solitude and abstraction to his followers,—then we might understand the monkish habits affected by certain men of benevolent

impulses. But when we are told, on authority which cannot be gainsaid, that the real life of a Christian is a warfare, a struggle, a race; when thus the command falls from holy lips, "Work while it is day;" when the Redeemer's life was one of ceaseless activity, and his comment on it, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,"—then the conclusion is irresistable that the slothful servant must be the condemned servant. Through every stage of this world's history, the remark must hold good *Per aspera ad* ASTRA.

"It were well," suggests a master mind,* "if, amid the engrossments of public matters, we could keep our hearts at liberty for the influences of God's Spirit. How possible is it, alas! to be busied even among Christian doings, and yet to be abandoned by the life and unction of Christianity altogether. And yet the two are compatible; and who exemplified it better than the Apostle Paul, whose conversation was in Heaven, while he sustained a busy, and diligent, and ever-doing converse both with the men and the things of this lower world!"

But to our recluse, and his habits. MR. HENRY WELBY was the proprietor of freehold property in Lincolnshire to the amount of 1000*l.* per annum. He graduated at Oxford; subsequently became a member of one of the inns of court, and read for the bar. Being in early life his own master, possessing ample means, and feeling desirous to become acquainted, by personal observation, with the people and usages of foreign lands, he travelled for some

* Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to Mr. Wilberforce.

years abroad. On his return he married; took possession of his family estate; resided on it with great hospitality, winning from all classes tokens of the most unbounded good will. He had reached the age of forty, when the marriage of his only daughter took place with Sir Charles Hillyard, of Yorkshire,—a marriage which met his unqualified approval.

He had now apparently reached the apex of earthly prosperity—a giddy elevation on which few long remain unscathed. He was happy in his domestic relations, and fortunate in his family alliances; was wealthy, popular, independent, influential. What had fortune more in store for him? Ceaseless and ever goading suspicion, lifelong seclusion, and chagrin.

He was one day taking on foot his usual survey of his fields, when a younger brother, with whom he had had previously some trifling difference, met him. The intruder was armed with a pistol, which he snapped at his elder relative. Happily for both it missed fire.

Mr. Welby regarding this as an unseasonable and senseless joke, only designed to frighten him, calmly disarmed his assailant, and, consigning the weapon to his pocket, thoughtfully returned home.

There new and painful convictions took possession of him. On examining the pistol he found it heavily charged; and was driven to the conclusion that his brother's purpose had not been sport, but murder.

Upon a disposition highly sensitive, very affectionate, and most humane, this discovery told with tremendous effect. He conceived from it an aversion to all intercourse with his kind; and instantly formed

a resolution, from which he never receded, of retiring entirely, and for the rest of his days, from the world. To this end he took a house in Grub Street, and isolated himself from every associate and relative. Even to his own children he became an alien. Of his dwelling he reserved three rooms for his own use; the first for his diet, the second for his sleeping apartment, and the third for his study.

Within this suite of rooms he secluded himself for *forty-four years;* so closely that he was never seen by living being, except Deborah, his old maid-servant, who had only been permitted that privilege by accident, or in some case of uncontrolable necessity. The prying eye of curiosity never violated his retreat. Severed from the world, he passed his days in meditation; his diet that of an anchorite. Milk, vegetables, and water-gruel, or an egg or two at most, were his constant fare; yet his table was replenished with every thing in season, though he never partook of delicacies himself. He was inquisitive as to the news of the day; and as there were then neither broad sheets nor magazines, bought all the books that he could gain intelligence of; most of these, after perusal, he gave to his old servant to sell, and constantly applied the produce to the poor.

One exception characterized his studies. If books were bought for him which related to controversy, them—wise man!—he invariably laid aside, and never read.

Now and then he would vary his diet. In summer, for example, he would treat himself with a salad of choice herbs; but during the whole period of his

retirement neither fish nor flesh passed within his lips.

The manner in which his meals were served, and the tact with which he took care that they should be thoroughly solitary, mark the determination of the man. The rooms he inhabited were *en suite*—one opening into the other, and all connected. When his hermit's fare was set on table by Deborah, he retired into his lodging room; and when she was arranging his sleeping apartment, he immured himself in his study; thus retreating, step by step, before the advancing intruder, till all was clear.

His family appear to have acquiesced in his self-imposed imprisonment, and to have abandoned him, without remonstrance or effort, to his cheerless solitude.

For many years together not a single inquiry was made after him, but by one particular individual, supposed to have been a relative. His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more constant and rigid in the observance of his rule. His plain garb, his long white beard, his mortified and truly venerable aspect, after death, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of independent fortune in a populous city. His income, which was at that period considered large, he expended in acts of impartial benevolence and charity, much of which was bestowed with a singularity that merits record. Though his servant never saw him but upon pressing emergencies, yet, through her means, he communicated his gifts to the poor of his

neighbourhood in a very exact way. Any case of extraordinary urgency was immediately relieved, if a petition to this effect was laid before him at his meal-time. When he wanted the assistance of his aged domestic, he would ring a bell in the middle room, and directly retire to the inner apartment, from whence he issued his mandate in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by her. Yet upon all these occasions, the old servant, though his agent in every transaction, never saw her master,—for she dared not enter his room until he had rung the bell in the middle chamber, and was retired and locked up in the further one where he slept. When his orders were particularly long or multifarious, he disposed of them upon slips of paper, with cautions which to execute first.

The festivals he strictly observed,—Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas were days of extraordinary benevolence with him. On these occasions he constantly caused a large quantity of every provision in season to be dressed, and provided a number of plates and dishes, upon which, as the meats were served, Mr. Welby, at a signal given, carved and cut up, and attached labels to each mess, which he caused the old woman to send or deliver to the respective applicants, who never saw their benefactor, for they were not suffered to enter the house.

That his benevolent bias became known, and brought him many applicants, is no matter of marvel. But noisy supplicants at his gate did not meet with immediate relief. Such found scant favor in his eyes. But, when from his private chamber, he spied

any sick, weak, or lame, he would forthwith send after them, and relieve them. His aid on these occasions was not trifling; it was ample enough to support the sufferer for several consecutive days. His inquiries, through Deborah, were neither few nor unfrequent as to which of his neighbors bore the highest character for integrity, and had the most children. Those whom he learned to be unable, with all their labor and frugality, to maintain their families, he would aid, and largely. No niggard friend was he where he found that penury pressed, and that honest industry was not wanting.

Upon the representation of extraordinary cases, in which he did not like his charity to be conspicuous, Deborah was despatched with money, wrapped up in paper, with directions to throw it in at the door or window of the room where certain parties lived, and forthwith disappear.

After this long and strange seclusion, Mr. Welby passed from the world the 29th of October, 1636, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His old servant died six days before him. Lady Hillyard survived her parent; but neither she nor any of the family ever saw their extraordinary relative after his retreat to his living tomb.

Seclusion it was indeed! Perfect, unvarying, unbroken. From his suite of chambers, from the time of his entry into them, he never issued till he was carried thence — forty-four years after — on men's

shoulders; but what a dereliction of known duties did that retreat involve!

What became of the duties he owed to his children as a parent? What became of those he owed to his God with reference to congregational worship; to the outward reverence of His holy word; and to the public assembly of ourselves together, in His name, on His day, in His sanctuary?

What became of the duties he owed to his Sovereign —possessed of means and station, holding no trifling stake in the country, and bound to co-operate with the powers that be in maintaining religion and order, in shaming vice, and encouraging virtue?

'Twas a selfish and cowardly resolve — one which his wealth alone enabled him to execute. But did it bring no sorrow? Were there no painful after-thoughts—no secret misgivings—no regrets?

Longfellow writes well: — "Therefore should every man wait — should bide his time. Not in listless idleness — not in useless pastime — not in querulous dejection — but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing, and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with manly heart."

And a higher authority than the poet's well observes:—

"God lifts the burden which is thrown on HIM."

CHAPTER XV.

JOHN STOCK.

In casting a melancholy retrospect over the career of the unsuccessful, one is often reminded of the reflection of the Duke de la Rochefoucault,—"Il-y-a des gens destinés à être sots, qui ne font pas seulement des sottises par leur choix, mais que la fortune même contraint d'en faire." There are people fated to be fools, who not only prefer follies, but are forced by fortune to commit them. There are others, again, whose name, from their very outset in life, seems identified with success; who rise superior to every difficulty, surmount every obstacle, laugh at the impediments arising from humble station and crippled capital; whose arms in the battle-field of life are industry, self-denial, *prayer*, cheerfulness; and who win, under the smile of approving Heaven, affluence and influence.

Their code may be thus defined:—"Let the business of everybody else alone, and attend to your own; don't buy what you don't want; use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful; think twice before you throw away a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it; find recreation in looking after your business, and so your business will not be neglected in looking after recreation; buy low, sell fair, and

take care of the profits; look over your books regularly, and if you find an error, trace it out; 'do justice, love mercy,' and *look above;* should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench, work harder, 'but never fly the track;' confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they disappear at last: though you should fail in the struggle, you will be honoured; but shrink from the task, and you will be despised."

JOHN STOCK belonged to this fraternity.

He was born at Hampstead in 1707. His father bore the same name as himself, and was a man in humble life. From the steady, persevering, cheerful temperament of his son, he from childhood anticipated for him a successful career, and at the age of fifteen bound him, with "a glad and hopeful heart," to Mr. Pilkington, a paper-stainer in the parish of Christchurch. He bore the hardships and discharged the duties incident to apprenticeship firmly and faithfully, and before its close had established a character for punctuality, sobriety, accuracy, and industry. A large and increasing connection proved that these qualities form the superstructure on which a fortune is raised. His business extended rapidly; and to meet the fresh commissions which each coming year brought with it, he removed from the Borough, where he had begun the battle of life for himself, first to London Bridge, and finally to Newgate Street.

As soon as a close inspection of his ledger, liabilities, and connections led him to the conclusion that his *footing was secure*, he took up his freedom in the Drapers' Company. Far from being elated

by prosperity, or disposed to forget those of his kith and kin who were struggling with poverty, it was one of the rules of his conscientious life to "help a relative." But in so doing, he showed marked preference for the industrious, and such as "strove to *walk alone.*" Sloth he loathed. He regarded it as the sure precursor of want. Often did *his* apprentices hear the saying,—"The gold of Ophir would not avail the sluggard."

The punctuality which characterised him, the durability of his work, and the personal inspection which he bestowed on all his contracts, be their amount ever so trifling, attracted the attention of some parties in office; and at the age of five-and-thirty he secured the contract for painting in most of the Government dockyards.

This put the crowning stroke to his fortune. Thenceforth his property rapidly accumulated. But he neither worshipped it, nor hoarded it, nor boasted of it. He would frequently recur to his own early struggles; and at all times sympathised, by *deeds* rather than words, with those of his own calling who were laid by from any one of the many maladies which track the unwholesome calling of a painter.

He was, from conviction, a devoted and unswerving Churchman, rigidly attentive to his religious duties, and sought opportunities to aid the necessitous and over-tasked curate.

He died September 27th, 1721, aged seventy-seven, wealthy, but not to the extent which was generally supposed; for he had distributed with judicious hand widely and largely, while the power to

bestow was his. None of those whom he valued appeared to have been forgotten. His will contained 150 legacies: and the charities which he had delighted to succour when in health he remembered in the chamber of sickness.

His first care was to make provision for his nearest relatives—four nephews and a niece, who were the children of a sister. Among these he left, in nearly equal proportions, 9500*l.* But this arrangement was characterised by his habitual shrewdness and forethought. To ensure this provision permanently, benefiting those for whom he designed it, he took care that of the legacy for each nephew and niece one moiety should be at his or her own disposal, the other moiety should be in the shape of an annuity, forfeitable to the Painters' Company, in case of the legatee selling, mortgaging, or encumbering the same.

No anticipating of income, no forestalling of revenue, no recourse to money lenders or bill discounters, accorded with the notions of the careful and conscientious citizen.

Next came those who were engaged in the same unhealthy calling as himself. Sensible of its tendency to shorten life and engender disease, he bequeathed to the Painters' Company, for poor, lame, and disabled painters, the interest of 4200*l.* such interest to be expended in annuities of 10*l.* each.

Then came a proof of his attachment to the Church. The same Company he constituted trustees of 3500*l.* stock, to pay the interest to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, for ten poor curates.* He be-

As the value of church property is constantly exaggerated, and

queathed also, for three scholars to be brought up at Christ's Hospital, 3000*l.* three per cents; to the

there seems in certain quarters a manifest inclination to strip the church of what little remains to it, let me give the case here of a learned and exemplary man, deluded to the last by the promises of the great—the Rev. William Bickerstaffe. Let him tell his own story. It is sufficiently sad:—

"*To the Right Honorable Edward, Lord Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.*

"My Lord,

"By the advice of Mr. Macnamara, a representative of Leicester, I am instructed to appeal to your Lordship's humanity, to grant me a gracious hearing by a private address.

"At fifty-eight years of age, permit a poor curate, unsupported by private property, to detain your attention a few moments.

"From 1750 I have been usher at the Free Grammar School here, with an appointment of 19*l.* 16*s.* a year; seven years curate of St. Mary's, my native parish, in this borough; then six years curate at St. Martin's with All Saints, lately bestowed by your Lordship on Mr. Gregory of this place; and now an opportunity occurs to your Lordship to give me an occasion to pray for my benefactor, and those that are dear to him, during my life: 'tis this;—a dispensation is expected every day by the head master of the school where I serve, the Rev. Mr. Pigot, vicar of Great Wigston, in this county, to connect a fresh acquisition in Lincolnshire with it; and he urges your Lordship's petitioner to try for the living of St. Nicholas here, which he must relinquish. It is simply 35*l.* a year; but as this Corporation grants an annual aid to each living in Leicester of 10*l.* a year, St. Nicholas, joined to my school, might render me comfortable for life, and prevent the uncertainty of a curacy, and the hard necessity at my time of life of being harassed in all weathers by a distant cure.

"My Lord, if this freedom is disgusting, impute it to the sympathizing heart of the generous Macnamara, who prompted me to it in these words, speaking of your Lordship:—'Indeed, I feel too forcibly my obligations to press further or trespass more at present upon his Lordship; but as you are a native of Leicester

Mercers' Company, for an exhibition for a scholar from St. Paul's School to Corpus College, Cam-

and a freeman, I conceive it my duty to hint to you, that an application immediately from yourself, stating your situation exactly, as you have done to me, may have the desired effect, as his Lordship's great abilities can only be equalled by his humanity and benevolence.'

"May the Almighty, all-present, and all-merciful God direct your Lordship, on this and all occasions, to do his pleasure; and protect you from all dangers which may threaten soul, body, or estate, is the hearty prayer of your Lordship's humble suppliant,

WILLIAM BICKERSTAFFE."

To another friend he says:—

"At fifty-eight years of age, having more inclination to a church living than to a wife, I applied to my old neighbor and playfellow, Dr. Farmer, to procure me St. Nicholas parish here; and my application was so well-timed as to get the business into the hands of Mr. Pitt, their university representative, by the kind service of the Vice-Chancellor, who at the same time attended to commit to him the university address to the king. Dr. Farmer informed me, that this Chancellor was his particular friend; and that, if St. Nicholas's was pre-engaged, I was put in the way of church preferment. The living is yet undisposed of; the Lord Chancellor is, or lately was, at Buxton, and I remain uninformed of anything further; there is no room to expect a smile of favor till the gout is more civil. It seems like a Chancery suit. The present Chancellor is said to be a leisurely gentleman in these matters. He keeps livings in suspense. This may be designed to accumulate an aid, to pay for the seals and induction. Swift says, 'Lord Treasurer, for once be quick.' Should you tell the Chancellor 'it would suit *him*, and that I say it,' it might cost me the loss of his slow favors. At *my* age, I could tell *him* with strict propriety, 'Bis dat qui cito."——His appeal was unavailing. He died very suddenly, at his lodgings in Leicester, in his sixty-first year *a curate*. He was a sound classical scholar, and a laborious parish priest. Possessed of much medical knowledge, he employed it in comforting the afflicted—and the small surplus of his little income

bridge, 1000*l.*; to the parish of Hampstead, for educating and clothing ten poor children, 1000*l.*; to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy for Widows and Children, 300*l.*; to the poor of Christ Church, Surry, the interest for ever of 200*l.*; to Christ Church, Newgate Street, 200*l.*; to Farringdon Ward Within School, 50*l.*; to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 100*l.*; to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, 100*l.*; to St. Bartholomew's, St. Luke's, Foundling, and Lying-in Hospitals, 100*l.* each, to the Small Pox Hospital and to the Magdalen Asylum, 50*l.* each. He had neither land, nor house, nor bad debt when he died. It is impossible not to be struck with the noble disposition of his property, or to omit recognising the anxiety with which he provided for the necessities of the aged and suffering, and the instruction of the young. That duty was not recognised in his day to the extent it is in ours; but the benevolent painter and ardent churchman

went to alleviate distress. "His case," he was told "was under the consideration of the Chancellor." Men in high station, dispensing official patronage, are little aware of the agony they inflict by protracted suspense. To get rid of a claimant they hold out expectations which they never intend to fulfil, but which are treasured up, and hourly reckoned upon by the anxious expectant. I once knew a poor curate who died at fifty, dispirited and almost heartbroken—his own and his children's best apparel in pledge—and on the morning of his death but three shillings in the house to bury him. But then he had magnificent *expectations*. He had been no less than seven years on the Lord Chancellor's list for *early* preferment!

its force.—Fair is the beauty of Nature, and
at the delight of gazing on a gorgeous landscape;
no scenery in nature can possess such interest for
Christian, as "the contemplation of immortal
its in training for immortal blessedness."

CHAPTER XVI.

OSTERVALD, THE BANKER.

THERE must be a secret and indescribable gratification in hoarding, which none but misers know.

Mr. Lozeley* tells me that when he remonstrated with the Blewberry miser,† touching the needless privations he was undergoing—his mouldy food—his wretched clothing—his want of fuel in winter's coldest day; and added the inquiry, "why, Mr. Jones, should *you*, the owner of so many thousands, thus torture yourself to accumulate wealth for those whom you have never seen; in whom you take no interest; and who, in all probability, will soon squander your hoard without much gratitude for, or even recollection of, him who got it together?" "Ah!" returned he, with great animation, and a most peculiar smile, "if they who get my nest-egg have as much gratification in spending it, as I have had in amassing it, they will know what *true happiness is! !*"‡

* Of Hampstead Norris—the hospitable and intelligent owner of one of the most extensive private libraries in the kingdom. It already amounts to 30,000 volumes; all collected by *one* individual; and numbers several Bibliographical treasures. A bibliomaniac, when examining a few of its black-letter curiosities, would sigh at the recollection of the *tenth* commandment.

† See Chapter IV.

‡ On that very morning he had had a smart reproof from his clerk. Part of that functionary's duty, and some portion of his

Elia has something to say upon the point.

To this passion for hoarding, Elia one day attributed a new origin. "A miser," said he, "is sometimes a grand personification of fear. He has *a fine horror of poverty!* And he is not content to keep want from the door, or at arm's length, but he places it, by heaping wealth upon wealth, *at a sublime distance!*"

O! rare Elia, never did writer clothe quaint ideas in quainter garb! When speaking, thou must surely have had the French usurer in thy memory, as one of those who were "bent on keeping want at a sublime distance."

OSTERVALD, the celebrated French banker, was born at Neufchatel, in the month of August, 1720. He came to Paris barefoot and penniless. The rags which sheltered him from the cold would hardly hang together on his meagre person. But he was honest,

small emoluments arose from "lithing," with osiers or stout brambles, the turf of newly made graves. These "lithes" were constantly disappearing. As soon as ever they had become a little "seared" or "weathered"—by some unaccountable agency they vanished. The village urchins were blamed; and the clerk, unappeasably exasperated, declared that he would watch the churchyard at all hours, from twilight till cock-crow, rather than not detect the offender. Of the culprit he protested, he would make "a memorable example for generations." He commenced his vigils. And lo! on one Tuesday, in the grey of the morning, came stealing into the churchyard Mr. Jones. The miser commenced operations, and had got together a nice bundle of dry kindling, when the clerk burst from his hiding-place, and thus commenced his lecture:—"Oh! Parson Jones! Parson Jones! with thousands that you can call your own in Lunnon, would you rob *the very dead!*"

industrious, aspiring, easily satisfied with the coarsest fare, and blest with the most indomitable and unyielding perseverance. He gained not a maintenance—for such it cannot be called—but a respite from starvation, by earning a few sous as a messenger-boy in the Paris market, and lived on the refuse of the stalls. Still he *saved;* and by the aid of the first few francs which he made keep company in his ragged pocket, he carried out his darling project of being taught to read, and write, and reckon. For figures, from his earliest youth, he had a singular aptitude.

His honesty, industry, and resolute endurance of fatigue, gained him a friend; and he obtained permanent employment at a small fixed weekly pittance. He now ceased to sleep in sheds and porticoes; and was an occasional customer at the stall of one of the humblest *chiffoniers* for the scraps, and fragments, and offal of Paris—the "crumbs" that "fall from the rich man's table."

'Ere long he reaped the advantages of his forethought. A situation fell vacant—one of bodily, as well as mental, toil—to which they only were eligible who could write legibly, and figure accurately. Ostervald petitioned for it in writing, and won it. He now ventured upon the commission of an extraordinary act of extravagance. He drank, at the cost of three sous, a pint of beer, which served him for his supper every night at a house much frequented by the humbler classes, from which he carried home all the bottle-corks he could lay his fingers on. Of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as

many as sold for twelve louis-d'ors,—a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune.

Meanwhile, another source of gain opened out to him. Passing late one evening the main entrance of one of the theatres,—and having his eyes fixed as usual upon the ground in order that no stray treasure—no fragments of twine—no remnant of cloth or rag might escape him,—his eye was attracted by the glitter of some substance which lay in the dry kennel. He stooped. Oh! transport! It was a piece of jewellery. For months afterwards the most frequented places of public resort in Paris were duly watched by the lynx-eyed Osterval. In the grey of morning would he be found lingering around the doors where the gay and the wealthy had made their entrée and their exit. Many a rich spoil rewarded his persevering vigil.

He now betook himself to the Bourse;—speculated warily and successfully. His knowledge of figures, and more particularly his powers of mental arithmetic, always under perfect control, amid the wildest din, were of signal service to him. From the Bourse he extended operations to another but kindred sphere of gain, less plausible, but fraught with equal misery to its victims—the gambling house. This vantage-ground of Satan, and nursery of suicides, he would occasionally visit, not as a participant in the hazards of the die; but as a money-lender to the unlucky for *a few hours* only; his loans being always for "a con-si-der-ation," and to parties of *unquestionable respectability;* repayable also, without fail, the following morning. The percentage he charged and

obtained in some of these impromptu transaction was enormous. Strange stories are current of him in reference to this branch of his business,—all more or less characteristic of the usurer and the niggard.

One morning a young scapegrace whom he had accommodated the night before, and who had had a run of luck upon Ostervald's loan, called to cancel his obligations. The youth said, jestingly, as he tendered to the banker the sum advanced, with the addition of an immense per centage, "Now, Monsieur Ostervald, business being over one thinks of dinner: I am come to dine with you."

The miser looked horrified, but after a pause recovered himself, and replied, "Monsieur is heartily welcome to a share of my fare: he will but do me too much honour by consenting to partake of it."

"Well! what café shall we choose?"

"Such resorts are for the rich," responded Ostervald gravely; "I never enter them: if Monsieur dines with me, it must be *here;* he is cordially welcome."

This last remark was uttered in a very dolorous tone.

"Produce your cheer, then," said the guest; "I'm hungry."

Ostervald slowly unlocked his cupboard, and after great delay and much effort, spread the table with odds and ends—bits and parings—half-picked bones—rather highly scented bargains from the stall of a cheap *chiffonier.*

"You don't call that dinner?" cried the visitor. Ostervald nodded.

"You cannot wish me to believe you're about to dine off those remnants, those scrapings and abominations?"

"They constitute my mid-day meal," said the miser softly: "will Monsieur honour me by partaking of them? They are savoury."

"Savoury! why they are offal."

"They are the offal," responded the other, "which enabled me on the instant to accommodate you last evening with 15,000 francs.

"Where's the wine?" cried the guest.

"I never touch it—know not it's taste," pursued Ostervald, with unmoved mien and quiet tone,—"it is the parent of countless maladies."

"Maladies! pshaw!" exclaimed the young man noisily. "Well! as you can't give me a dinner, I must give you one." He tossed the miser, as he spoke, a five-franc piece. "For Heaven's sake fling those offensive fragments to the dogs; and with this, provide yourself a decent meal."

"It will give me ten!" shrieked Ostervald delightedly, "ten! ten!" and he greedily clutched the coin; and then bowed his guest from the apartment.

His gaming-house gains were brought to an abrupt conclusion by an adventure to which he never referred without visible uneasiness. He was approaching his haunt one evening at a much later hour than was usual with him, when two persons closely muffled up, but of apparently gentlemanly demeanor and address accosted him. The elder, putting some copper money into the old man's hand, ex-

claimed. "Here, you poor shivering wretch! can you tell us which is the gaming-house which M. Ostervald frequents?"

"I can, gentlemen; it is the first on the right hand."

"D'ye know the hour at which he generally leaves it?"

"I do not."

"Describe him to us."

"You wish to see him then?"

"Yes, for a few minutes on business," said the younger man gravely. But as he spoke a look of peculiar import passed between him and his companion; and as he shifted his position, the wind blew aside his cloak, and Ostervald's eye caught the glitter of a weapon. The miser controlled his fears; gave the strangers a description of the man they sought; not particularly accurate, as may be imagined; wished them good night, and shuffled off.

He was not a visitor at the gaming-house on that or any subsequent evening. His impression was—and he never changed it—that these parties had designed to rob him.

The decline of life—bodily infirmity, failure of strength—came on; but the passion of avarice was strong as ever. Within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup. "'Tis true," he said, "I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite *for the meat*,—what then is to *become of* THAT?"

At the time he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied around his neck a silken bag, which contained 800 assignats of 1000 livres each.

He died possessed of 125,000*l.*

On parties possessed by the disease of avarice, arguments of a religious import are thrown away. One of a secular nature, possibly, may tell.

Merchants form by far the largest portion of the insane in all lunatic establishments.

M. Fodere attributes this circumstance to the "chances of speculation which keep the mind constantly on the stretch, and which in a moment give or take away a fortune."

In truth hoarded wealth is a *mirage.* Those who regard means as the *summum bonum* labour under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in the advance, and far in the rear, is the semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. 'Tis all illusion.

But an illusion from which there will be a frightful awakening. The most stout-hearted may tremble when he reflects on the many threats of retributive justice which God has assured to those who *forget Him in the persons of His poor.*

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. ELIZABETH PROWSE, OF WICKEN PARK.

WITH so much of the reign of terror around us, with so many appeals to men's fears in the dry and glaring age in which we live and toil; with such incessant reference to punishment, such adherence to the scheme of inculcating virtue by fear only—a system which Burke graphically allegorised as one of which—"at the end of every vista we see *nothing but the gallows;*"—turn we to her who ruled by the law of kindness, and the leading feature of whose daily life was consideration for others.

MRS. ELIZABETH PROWSE was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Sharp, Rector of Rothbury, in Northumberland, and Prebend of Durham, a very learned man, and a diligent pastor. Her grandfather was Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York. Her brother was Granville Sharp, the well-known philanthropist, who survived her. Her early training was strongly marked by religious culture; for her parents cordially concurred in this conviction—that a religious education was the highest species of accomplishment with which their children could be furnished, and the most valuable patrimony with which they could be endowed.

From her very childhood she seemed connected with piety and beneficence. Her marriage did not take place till she had nearly reached the middle period of existence. The duration of her matrimonial life was brief. Scarcely had she been made a

wife ere she became a widow, and succeeded to a property which rendered her the independent mistress of a considerable domain, comprehending, with very little exception, the tenantry and population of an entire parish.

This trust she held for upwards of forty years, an ornament to religion, a source of inexpressible comfort to her connections, and an instrument of incalculable usefulness.

She had the *nicest sense of justice*, and drew her conceptions of that noble quality from no human source, but from the broad and spiritual dictates of the Word of God.

In conducting those affairs which involve the observance of justice and good faith between man and man, she made it her object to *do justly*, and that in the most minute particulars, whatever temptation from opportunity or precedent existed to the contrary. There are many transactions between superiors and inferiors which bring this virtue completely to the test. Many circumstances arise in the formation and renewal of covenants, and engagements between landlord and tenant, employer and labourer, master and servant, of which the former in each case may take an advantage, and, in the estimation of the world, a fair advantage too; and this is perhaps the ordeal by which justice is put to the severest exercise.

It was in this field of trial that the principles which actuated this venerable lady enabled her to appear with peculiar advantage; for, in the various dealings which she had to maintain with her dependants of

every description, she entered, most minutely and tenderly, into their several circumstances; considered most scrupulously what was due to their feelings, as well as to their finances; and seemed chiefly, if not only, apprehensive, lest, in balancing her own claims against those of her fellow-creatures, self-love should turn the scale in her favour.

Her sense of duty was extraordinary.

In the last year of her life, the seventy-seventh, she undertook a laborious and hazardous journey to succour an orphan relation, whose particular circumstances required the most delicate treatment. With this object of her solicitude she voluntarily charged herself, ministering to the comfort of the afflicted individual with the most watchful and unwearied attention; nor did she relinquish those anxious and painful cares till she found a protectress on whom she could conscientiously devolve them. This incident may illustrate her abiding sense of duty, and that forgetfulness of self, which she manifested whenever the welfare of others, and particularly of her connections, demanded it.

She loved mercy.

Never did the self-interested and unfeeling employer practice more ingenuity in devising how to exact and impose, than she did in contriving how to ease and relieve. It was an object near her heart to divest servitude and labour, in all their gradations, of everything that could occasion inconvenience and disgust; and not a few expedients were concerted by her ingenious humanity to carry out so benevolent a design. It was a love of mercy which led her to select, for her own use, the services of those whom

others would have rejected, and to give offices in her establishment to those victims of infirmity whom almost every one but herself would have been not only unwilling to employ, but ashamed to acknowledge. It resulted from this principle that lawns were mown, her fields were cultivated, her garden was dressed, by those whom time had superannuated or misfortune had crippled; and who, but for such provident and compassionate kindness, must have hung upon society as pensioners, or infested it as beggars. Nor let it be supposed that these sacrifices to mercy embarrassed, in any measure, the orderly course of her domestic affairs. On the contrary, few persons were more regularly or effectually served. The objects of her protection made her interest their own; they performed their duties with a willing mind, and compensated, by superior diligence and faithfulness, for the defectiveness of their other qualifications.

Her favourite employment was in those offices of kindness which her Saviour so cheerfully performed; her highest entertainment in those festivals of mercy, which He so feelingly recommended. "The poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind" were called to her feasts, *and served from her board.*

She loved affectionately the worship of God, and partook, with regularity and seriousness, of that holy sacrament ordained by Christ himself as a badge of discipleship and means of inward and spiritual grace. It is impossible to describe her piety separately from the other parts of her character; so intimately was it wrought into her habits, and so insensibly did it enter into and influence every part of her conduct.

A few days before her death, slight symptoms of

indisposition displayed themselves, barely sufficient to render her a prisoner within her chamber.

Having always present to her mind the age at which she had arrived, and its concomitant feebleness—a feebleness which could resist no new attack,—she had her forebodings as to what might be the event; and proceeded to set her house in order, that when the final summons should arrive she might have nothing to do but to die. With equal courage and forethought she put a regular finish to her affairs. Having closed all her interests with this world, she directed her undivided attention more particularly to the other; and, under this impression, desired to renew her covenant with God, by partaking of the Lord's Supper. Surrounded by the members of her family and her establishment, and attended by her parochial minister, she received the memorials of her Saviour's death on the day which proved to be the vigil of that eternal sabbath which she was about to keep with the people of God.

Thus resigned and prepared, she calmly waited for the arrival of the heavenly messenger to perform the last kind office, and bear her spirit to the mansions of the blessed.

During the interval which elapsed before that consummation took place, she conversed with more than her usual vivacity and sweetness; and manifested the collectedness of her mind, and the benevolence of her heart, by prescribing to the last for the conduct and the comfort of those who were to survive her. In the meantime, so gently were the pins of her earthly tabernacle drawn out, and so imperceptibly was the cordage loosened, that itwas scarcely

discernible by herself, and still less so by others, that the crisis of its dissolution was so nearly at hand. Her tongue at length became gradually silent; an insensibility stole quietly over her frame; and almost in the same instant in which she was thought to be dying, it appeared that she was dead.

While this process was going on, her countenance acquired an increasing benignity, in proportion as she approached the beams of that light which was so soon to enclose her; and to such a degree did her characteristic smile continue to improve, that they who watched her to her latest moments, saw her face as it had been the face of an angel. The dying scene was thus divested of all that could excite terror or encourage grief. A holy radiance was cast by the departing saint on all the objects with which she was surrounded; and the place in which she breathed out her soul seemed none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.

"The judge standeth behind the door." Ever since He left this earth, who ascended from the hill at Bethany, He has been returning; some glow has ever rested on the eastern skies. But it is no less true, that as the time of His sure coming draweth nigh, these signs of His approach wax clearer and more definite. The gleaming streaks of a coming morning mount up the skies; the voices which usher in its presence are multiplying round us; the hum, and the crowd, and the tread of an awakening world, rise in a full tide upon the watcher's ears; all things that are, are shaken, holding themselves in eager readiness for the new order of the coming day. Be it ours to prepare all things for this issue!

L'ENVOY.

WHAT, then, is the moral of these annals of human life? That upon unsanctified wealth there lingers the frown of God; nay more, that hoarded riches are often diverted, by an irresistible influence, from the channels in which the miser intended they should flow.

The parsimony of the great Duke of Marlborough is notorious. Peculation, rapacity, meanness, insatiate craving after lucrative employments, and the accumulation of offices all largely salaried, enabled him to amass an amount of wealth almost fabulous. In the decline of life, when increasing infirmities warned him of his approaching end, he would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold, dark night, through wind and rain, to save—*sixpence!*

At his death, he left behind him a million and a half of money. Where did it go? In the channels he intended? Far otherwise. It was inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevors, who had been one of his bitterest enemies.

In no case is the impotency of human determinations more painfully apparent than in that of the celebrated Earl of Bath. For Lord Pulteney, his only child, he had unceasingly amassed wealth; on him he had built the most extravagant hopes; for him he anticipated the most brilliant career, and to enrich him had overlooked the plainest and most positive duties. If wealth be power, Lord Pulteney was to be one of the most influential men of his day.

The result is thus described: the Dr. Douglas alluded to had been the young nobleman's tutor, subsequently he became Bishop of Salisbury.

"Having served some campaigns in Portugal, Lord P. was returning home through Spain, when he was seized with fever, and died at Madrid, there being no assistance to be procured but that of an ignorant Irish physician. On the day when intelligence of this unhappy event reached Lord Bath's house, the Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of Bristol, and Dr. Douglas, were assembled there to dine with his Lordship, and congratulate him on the prospect of his son's return. Lord Bath, being accidentally detained at the House of Lords, did not arrive until his guests had met; and whilst they waited for him, the despatch was received. They agreed to withhold the news until evening. Lord Bath talked of nothing during dinner but of his son, of his long absence, and of the pleasure he should have in seeing him settled at home, and married,—an event exceedingly desirable to so fond a father, with such a title and estate, and no other child to inherit them.

"When the servants were withdrawn, his Lordship poured out a bumper for the Bishop of Rochester, who sat next him, and desired the prelate to drink 'to the health of Lord Pulteney, and his safe return.' The Bishop of Bristol said, with some solemnity, 'My Lord, I drink your good health!'—'No, no!' said Lord Bath, 'you are to drink to Lord Pulteney's good health.'—'My Lord,' rejoined the bishop, 'I drink to your good health, and may God support you

under your afflictions!' Upon which Dr. Douglas, bursting into tears, related the matter."

"It was," says Bishop Newton, "a moving, melancholy sight, to see that great and good man in the agonies of grief on so sad and just an occasion, and might have moved those who were less interested about the parties than we were."

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them."

He alone is truly rich who is rich toward God.

Five times only is "*lucre*" mentioned in the New Testament, and in each case the epithet "*filthy*," is added to it, to note the peculiar danger of this idolatry.

Reader, you call yourself after the name of the crucified Nazarene, and professedly avow yourself his follower! Remember that your Leader, throughout his entire career, branded covetousness as a deadly sin,—manifested invariably the most supreme indifference to wealth. He came into the world poor, obscure, and unknown; He lived thirty years in humble privacy; He passed his ministry in contempt, and contradiction, and reproach; He died in ignominy and baseness; and in doing this, condemned the master-passion of a craving world.

Farewell! I pray not that your path may be one of unruffled pleasantness and unclouded peace. Such it *cannot* be! But I do pray it may be that path which angels watch over here below, and which terminates before the throne of God, amid the harmonies, and holiness, and happiness of heaven!

THE END.